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THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

Vol. VII. No. 172 (New Series) SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1934 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE faint hopes of any good thing coming out of Geneva were fainter at the beginning of this week. What are called the "disarmament group" and the "security group" stood out in sharper antagonism. M. Barthou, warmed up by his attack on Sir John Simon, let fly at Mr. Henderson on Tuesday. Mr. Henderson made a spirited reply, and his threat of resignation produced a withdrawal of the unwarranted charge against his impartiality. The incident was of no great consequence in itself; but it showed how M. Barthou's mind was working. Mr. Henderson, with the support of the British delegation, insists on the importance of getting Germany back, and there are signs that Germany is anxious to come back—on terms that should be easy of acceptance. But does M. Barthou want Germany back on any terms at all? It hardly looked like it on Tuesday.

### M. Barthou Changes His Tone

On Wednesday, however, M. Barthou showed himself in a conciliatory mood, and produced a plan for continuing the work of the Conference on the lines of the Russian and Turkish proposals. He declared, moreover, that whilst the presence of the Germans was not indispensable, no one would be more happy than France to see their return. And so a truce was declared for a couple of days, in the hope of an accommodation being found between the Henderson and the Barthou plans. Such an accommodation is possible, though it will not be easy. The British idea is to hold up the work of the Conference pending negotiations between France and Germany. The French want it to go on without any official negotiations, though they raise no objection to private efforts to bring the Germans back. They put first, last and all the time their demand for security—a demand which in itself is eminently reasonable. But clearly they must be prepared to pay some price for it in the way of disarmament or fair concessions to Germany's claims. Otherwise it will be apparent that their policy is directed simply to a grand alliance in which, now that they have given Great Britain up as a bad job, Russia is designed to play the biggest part. The Russians, of course, are not averse to alliance with France, but their proposal was that it should be kept within the League and should leave the door open for the Germans rather than shut it against them. If instead of that we are to have a mere pact for the encirclement of Germany, then the League becomes a bare farce, and the grand alliance itself offers only a very short run guarantee of security for France.

### Germany's Case

This is the surface situation at Geneva. Outside the conference chambers there is fear and turmoil, everyone discussing rearmament, private alliances and security pacts. France is flooded with rumours, Government

spokesmen whispering about dossiers in which, they say, they have proof of Hitler's plans for bombing French towns at any moment. Actually, there is no reason to anticipate any immediate outburst on the Continent, and every reason to expect a conciliatory attitude on Germany's part. Hitler is not economically or politically in a position to risk war so soon, even if he wished to do so and had the necessary armaments. The discontent of the Reichswehr is notorious and accounts of a decline in enthusiasm, of failure to display flags or of substitution of the black-white-red flag of reaction for the Swastika flag, are borne out by official regulations ordering the beflagging of houses on festal occasions. In preparation for the Dresden Theatre Festival week, for instance, notices have been sent to householders stating exactly how many flags are to be shown of each variety (Nazi, Reich, State and Municipality) and what size they are to be. But far more important are the difficulties encountered with the disillusioned S.A. man. Business everywhere finds itself impeded by S.A. activities, and local Nazis throw everything into confusion by showing too much independence in carrying out ministerial orders. The greatest difficulty, however, is how in the present acute financial embarrassment to continue to pay the storm-troopers; and it is possible that Hitler may shortly be forced to run the risk of disbanding large numbers of them.

### The Saar Plebiscite

The Report embodying the agreement between the French and the German Governments on the Saar plebiscite does all that a document can do to ensure justice. It outlines the machinery for carrying out the plebiscite which will be held next January to decide whether the territory shall go to France or to Germany or remain under its present regime. It contains elaborate plans for keeping order, preserving the secrecy of the ballot, preventing intimidation before and during the voting and victimisation afterwards. A directing and supervising commission is to be set up under the authority of the League, as well as a system of plebiscite tribunals with full jurisdiction in questions of the right to vote, and in affairs connected with the plebiscite. The French and German Governments both pledge themselves to fulfil scrupulously their Treaty obligations. How far they will really do so remains to be seen. There are competent observers who believe that nothing, except flight, can ultimately save many of the Saarlanders from the Nazis. Reports of Nazi threats and violence continue to reach this country. But in all the circumstances we must reckon it a sound agreement. It is on the face of it an earnest of good sense and good behaviour on Hitler's part, and we may reasonably hope that, in his own and his country's interests, he will do what he can to keep his maniacs in control.

### The Forty-hour Week at Geneva

Geneva is an exceptionally busy place just now. This week, in addition to the Disarmament Conference and the League Council, the International Labour Conference has been in session there, with the forty-hour week as the principal matter on its agenda. The I.L.O. in these days is hardly happier than the Disarmament Conference, though its misadventures receive less publicity. Everyone knew before the sessions began that there was not the smallest hope of an effective agreement to reduce working hours; for with the Germans absent and the British Government strongly hostile to the entire proposal, what hope could there be of getting anything done? The French and Italian Governments, as well as some of the smaller States, have hitherto declared themselves in favour of an international agreement on working hours, with at least some safeguards against corresponding reductions in wages. But clearly none of these countries will act without Great Britain and Germany. Like most international institutions, the I.L.O. is reduced just now to the uncomfortable position of having to mark time, in the hope that it may be worth while to keep the organisation together for its present statistical value and its possible future use as an effective convention-making instrument. It is worth keeping alive, even if it can do but little; but if it does live through its present troubles intact, that will be small thanks to British help.

### America—Tariffs and Labour Troubles

President Roosevelt has got his Tariff Bill, after a good deal of "filibustering" in the United States Senate, where the Republicans are threatening to hold up the other big measures he wants to get through before Congress adjourns. He has now the power to negotiate tariff bargains, and he is likely to use it. But it does not follow that he will so use it as to make the United States a more open market. Despite what Mr. Wallace and Mr. Hull have said, his policy may be rather that of striking special bargains for the sale of American exports in return for the acceptance of foreign products in the United States. America may be added to the long list of countries which already regulate their foreign trade by means of discriminating quotas. No one can ever be sure of what Mr. Roosevelt will do, and we are not prophesying—only saying that the passage of the Bill need not mean that America is moving towards a more liberal economic policy. Meanwhile, the threatened textile strike has been averted, at least for the time; but preparations are in full swing for a strike of the steel workers, to whom the employers are still refusing any recognition of the rights of collective bargaining. The "New Deal" is in a worse confusion than ever, with growing Labour resentment against the failure to enforce the protective clauses of the codes. And now the drought has added to Mr. Roosevelt's other troubles the urgent demand for fresh relief measures of an extensive scope.

### Nature's Jest

There is a cosmic humour about the crop failures in America and Europe, as if the drought had been sent to warn men that Nature can still teach them a trick or two in the gentle art of making things scarce. The effects of the drought have been vastly exaggerated and there is, in fact, no danger that the world will starve for lack of wheat, despite all the efforts that men have made to prevent abundance. There are, in any case, ample reserves of food—not as a result of any deliberate wisdom on the part of men, but as a result of the failure of their best efforts to dissipate stocks. A great many people will profit by this year's shortage—including the speculators, who are already making a good thing out of the exaggerated press reports, as well as the farmers whose crops have escaped serious damage. But, inevitably, the crop failures

will hit farmers in the affected areas very hard indeed; individually, most of them have no reserves at all to fall back upon after the troubles of the past few years. In America there are bound to be big new relief schemes; and in Central Europe there will be severe distress. As to Russia, we have got so used to discounting alarmist rumours that we have developed a habit of believing nothing without triple confirmation. In any case, the Soviet Government seems unlikely to have much exportable surplus this year; and that will cause all the more of the American stocks to be worked off. The world had best take Nature's warning; for though we shall have enough this time, our capitalists may really succeed in producing a famine before long if man continues to add his restrictive efforts to the caprices of Nature.

### The Merthyr Voting

The Merthyr by-election was an interesting test of political opinion in a constituency which has been normally a safe Labour seat. With the working-class vote split between three candidates—a miner representing the Labour Party and strong candidates under Communist and I.L.P. auspices—an anti-Socialist candidate obviously stood a better chance than in any election of recent years. Nevertheless, the only anti-Socialist who ventured to appear was a Liberal who proclaimed his opposition to the National Government; and no Government candidate of any shade was in the field. Presumably most of the Government's supporters voted for the Liberal; the total poll was higher than in 1931, when the only rivals were the Labour Party and the Mosleyites, and only two thousand lower than in 1929, when both Liberal and Conservative stood against Labour. This time, the three Socialists together polled 25,562 votes, as against Labour polls of 22,701 in 1929 and 24,623 in 1931. The Liberal was five thousand below the combined Liberal and Conservative vote of 1929, and nearly five hundred below the Mosleyite of 1931. Labour thus won handsomely; but the real significance lies in the failure of the double attack by Communists and the I.L.P. to shake the Labour hold in a constituency very badly hit by unemployment and reputed a hotbed of "extremist" propaganda.

### The Unemployment Bill

The Unemployment Bill is now going through the House of Lords. In the second reading debate on Tuesday it was extolled as a magnificent achievement by the Government spokesmen, while Lord Marley called attention once more to its vices and defects. The Fund is unfairly saddled with a heavy debt, and the local authorities with a heavy contribution to the new Unemployment Assistance Board. That Board itself is dangerously divorced from parliamentary control. Children's allowances under Part I will still be inadequate, and the Means Test is maintained in all its offensiveness under Part II. The Archbishop of Canterbury, whilst agreeing with some of Lord Marley's objections, defended the—or a—Means Test. But it is one thing to argue for a test which would take the form of a relatively simple inquiry designed to establish the real need of an individual. It is quite another thing to defend the present Means Test, which is based on the vicious principle of family, or household, instead of individual resources, and which has produced, and will continue to produce, anomalies, hardships and abuses. It is a Poor Law device that stinks in the nostrils of the people, and no Unemployment Bill which retains it will be a good Bill. On the question of juvenile unemployment the Archbishop offered some sound criticisms, and he was rightly insistent on the importance of raising the school age to fifteen.

### A Risk or a Toss?

Was it a risk or a toss that the Attorney-General took when he withdrew the clause in the Incitement to Disaffection Bill which made it an offence to do anything that might be considered as being "preparatory to" committing an offence? Sir Thomas Inskip himself called it a risk—"not a great amount of risk but a certain amount." It might give some people "just a little more rope" but "he was satisfied that even without this section the Government would have such powers that it would be possible to scotch these offences at a comparatively early stage." As an example of the Bill's absurdity Sir Thomas admitted that under it, "if a person of thoroughly bad character—a Communist—took a ticket at Waterloo for Aldershot it might be said that this was an act preparatory to the commission of an offence." This example had made an impression on his mind and he would withdraw this section of the Bill. This was handsomely said. We hope the Attorney-General will go on taking tosses and calling them risks. The next big fight must be over the clause which gives a single magistrate the right to give a single constable the right to carry out a general search in the house of anyone who seems to him likely to have literature of a seditious character. But would not the Government be well advised just to admit that they have made a howler and withdraw the whole Bill?

### "No Tragedy at All"

Mr. Hudson has explained what he meant by his recent outburst in the House of Commons. He said that if all the facts had been known, it would have been seen that there need have been "no tragedy at all" in the positions of two of the unemployed who broadcast their experiences. He meant, it seems, that these cases were not typical of the position of unemployed persons, and that if they had applied to the Public Assistance Authorities they might perhaps have received—as many do in certain areas—three or four shillings a week in addition to their admittedly inadequate unemployment benefit. If this is what Mr. Hudson meant, he might have avoided an insinuation against the good faith of the B.B.C.—which is now exonerated—and against the broadcasters whose Talks are now admitted to have been *bona fide* accounts of actual experience. The Talks were never intended or given out as being typical examples of the working of the system of unemployment benefit. They were illustrations—and perfectly typical ones—of the incidental and inevitable misery that accompanies prolonged unemployment. It would have been easy for the B.B.C. to choose out of the host of unemployed, men and women with an even more tragic story to tell than those who actually broadcast. But we imagine that Mr. Hudson must already regret his suggestion that there need be no tragedy about prolonged unemployment.

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# THE REALISTIC DEBTOR

No one on this side of the Atlantic doubts that the British Government has taken the only wise course in defaulting on the American debt. This step, which would have startled orthodox opinion a year ago, had been rendered inevitable by one of those curious parliamentary improvisations that make the United States an incalculable factor in world politics. Senator Hiram Johnson's Act, refusing further credit to any country that has failed to meet all its obligations to the United States, may have been aimed primarily at Russia, but it was so drafted as to strike at every European debtor save only immaculate Finland. It has been a severe embarrassment to President Roosevelt, but it is the law of the land, and with it both he and Mr. Neville Chamberlain have had to reckon. It meant that no token payment would serve to ward off the odium of default. To escape that stigma the British Treasury would have had to pay in the present year no less than seventy millions sterling to Washington, while any serious attempt on its part to reimburse itself from its continental debtors would have dealt a fatal blow to the economic recovery of Europe.

Default was a step which the British Government took with reluctance, chiefly because it feared the effect on mass opinion in America. Instructed opinion will take it calmly, and would have understood it long ago, for it had been urging on Washington for some years past either the cancellation or the drastic reduction of these debts. But the tragedy of semi-educated or mis-educated democracies that we know to-day, in America and elsewhere, is that long years must pass before an unfamiliar economic argument can percolate down to the popular press and the mind of the average citizen. The process in this country may have been a little quicker, but it was slow enough to cause untold suffering to the German people, and incalculable mischief to European peace. When we recall the advice that the leading experts of the City gave to Mr. Lloyd George in 1918, we have no right to feel surprise that farmers in the Middle West cannot grasp the rather difficult argument about the transfer of great sums of money across frontiers. The farmer is himself in the grip of the bankers, and he cannot understand why they are so much more merciful to King George than they are to their fellow-countrymen. Not only must this farmer pay his own dues, he must now shoulder as a taxpayer the burden of Europe's debts. He perceives that we have money enough to spend on our navy; he has watched the sorry performances of our Government at Geneva, and now in the very year of our formal default he sees us appropriating for our relief a budgetary surplus, to which he thinks that our creditors had a prior claim. It is all very puzzling for a simple man—it was puzzling to no less a person than Mr. Coolidge, who once made a very pointed speech on the iniquity of debtors who waste their substance on armaments.

We are glad to print this week a reassuring letter from the editor of the *New Republic*. It is probable that Congressmen and other politicians are in fact rather better economists than their public speeches would suggest. It is not the never-ending audacity of elected persons that handicaps democracy so much as their timidity. We had the same experience in this country. As German reparations were slowly narrowed down from conference to conference, the private opinions of statesmen were always well in advance of the document they had just signed. They conformed, as they always do conform, to what they take to be the average opinion of the electorate. It is rarely the titular leaders of a democracy who combat its ignorances and its prejudices; they leave that work to time and the pioneers of the Left. On the whole, it will probably be a relief to Mr. Roosevelt that the British Government has confronted him with the blunt fact of default. Congress, with its eye on the indebted farmer, would never have dared to cancel, or even to reduce these debts substantially. So long as we shrank from defaulting the conversations made no progress. But if, from zero, negotiation can restore some modest part of the value of this supposed asset, the Administration will seem to be winning something for the American taxpayer.

Mr. Bliven's suggestions as to how this feat can be achieved by readjusting tariffs are interesting, and go to the root of the matter. In the long run it is the balance of a country's foreign trade that decides whether it can receive the interest on what it has lent abroad. The United States built its whole traditional economy on the fact that before the war it was on the balance a debtor Power. By exporting with great exuberance, and importing with extreme prudence, it achieved, as it should have done, what is absurdly called a " favourable " balance of trade. The war turned it from debtor into creditor, but so far from readjusting its balance, it actually sought to increase its exports still further, while reducing its imports yet more drastically. In these conditions it was physically impossible for us or for Europe as a whole to meet our debts. The anomaly was disguised during the years of prosperity by the fact that America went on making, year by year, new loans in excess of the annual interest due to her. After the crash of 1929 this ridiculous process stopped, and to-day the debtors, ourselves included, stand up in confessed default. Theoretically, the only hopeful way to clear up this muddle is that America should concentrate on certain classes of socially desirable exports and sacrifice the rest, while at the same time she favours and fosters certain classes of imports. That it is practically possible for her to do this on the required scale, so as to convert her balance of trade into a " passive " one, we find it hard to believe. In our own particular case she sold to us last year goods worth £76,000,000 and bought from us only £26,000,000 worth. Not even by all the pre-slump devices of triangular trading could such a balance be redressed, and in the world of to-day triangular trading grows steadily more difficult.

The sooner this whole paradox of international debt is faced in its concrete meaning, the better will it be not only for Anglo-American relations, but for the good of the entire world. It will be impossible for us in future, in our capacity as a creditor Power, to maintain the old stiff attitude, at all events in regard to political debts. Germany's case for defaulting on the Dawes and Young loans is actually stronger than ours, and Mr. De Valera, if he deigned to use an argument so pedestrian, would have a triumphant answer to Mr. Thomas. But in fact the problem ranges far beyond political debts. It underlies all our relations with the Dominions, India and the Argentine. It was the desperate effort of debtor countries (mainly agricultural) to meet a burden that had become

ludicrously impossible which drove them all to the expedients of high tariffs and throttling quotas, in the effort to achieve a "favourable" trade balance. If commercial debts between nations could be drastically written down, the first result would be an immense stimulus to our export trades. In so far as the exports of these countries (including the Dominions) are mortgaged to meet rentier claims, they cannot be exchanged against our manufactured goods. Nothing hampers world recovery so gravely as these tributes based on past services, which often were overvalued and in many cases have already been met in full. One could sigh for a franker and more realistic Economic Conference, if one could hope that it would devise the most equitable means of reducing or wiping out the monstrous debts of country to town and Dominion to Metropolis.

## THE CAMPAIGN FOR A CHILDREN'S MINIMUM

SOME months ago, after it had become plain that the long economic frost was breaking up, a Children's Minimum Campaign Committee was formed, which secured the support of nearly all the nationally organised bodies that include some aspect of children's welfare within their objects, also of a considerable body of Members of Parliament of all parties. The declared aims of the Committee were to ensure that no child should go short of the minimum requirements of healthy upbringing because of its parents' poverty, and that, so far as might be necessary to accomplish this, the children should have a first claim on the nation's returning prosperity.

Several distinct groups of facts, each at that time receiving much attention, contributed to the force of these demands. First, the findings of the British Medical Association's Committee on Nutrition and other authoritative estimates of minimum living needs had focused public attention upon the wide discrepancy between the cost of a sufficient diet and the actual sums available to unemployed or poorly paid wage-earners for the nourishment of their children. Secondly, it had become known that the food-producing industries were embarrassed by a surplus of milk, bacon, eggs and other foods, beyond the effective demand of British consumers. Thirdly, the electoral dangers of ignoring these several sources of discontent had been brought home to the Government supporters by the slump in Government majorities at a series of by-elections. All these combined factors seemed to augur well for the success of the Children's Minimum Committee, and did in fact secure it a fair hearing through five deputations, first to the Prime Minister and representatives of the Ministries specially concerned—those of Labour, Health, Education and Agriculture—afterwards to these four Ministries separately. But how far do the three measures now before Parliament which concern the Committee's object—the Unemployment Bill, the Finance Bill and the Milk Bill—promise in effect to achieve its aim?

Take first the children of the insured unemployed. The increase in unemployment benefit of 1*s.* 9*d.* for the man and 1*s.* for his wife adds 2*s.* 9*d.* to the weekly household income. But in cases where the family has no resources except benefit, the extent to which this fails to cover minimum subsistence needs is shown by the following table. In this the amounts required for food are according to the B.M.A. Committee's scale. The dispute between this and the lower estimate of the Ministry of Health's Advisory Committee has now been happily resolved in the explanation that the latter referred to the nutrition of communities and institutions under the Ministry's charge, while the B.M.A. Committee had in mind the needs of unemployed families leading active lives in search of work. For items other than food the estimates given in the table are those of the Merseyside Survey, which differ only negligibly from those of the corresponding Survey for London, both under University auspices. The table is adapted from one drawn up by Mr. C. T. Saunders, of Manchester University.

MINIMUM SUBSISTENCE NEEDS (Dec. 1st, 1933, Prices).

| Man, Wife and | 0 Child. | 1 Child aged 2–3. | 3 Children aged 1–2, 6–8, 8–10. | 5 Children aged 1–2, 4–5, 10–12, 12–14. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *s. d.* | *s. d.* | *s. d.* | *s. d.* |
| Food (B.M.A.) .. | 11 7 | 14 2 | 21 8 | 31 1 |
| Fuel .. .. .. | 2 5 | 2 5 | 2 5 | 2 5 |
| Clothing, cleaning and light .. .. .. | 2 8 | 3 8 | 5 8 | 7 9 |
| Total .. .. | 16 8 | 20 3 | 29 9 | 41 3 |
| Unemployment Benefit. | 26 0 | 28 0 | 32 0 | 36 0 |
| What is left for rent and *all other* expenditure. | 9 4 | 7 9 | 2 3 | Nil. Deficiency on food, etc., needs 5*s.* 3*d.* |

It will be seen from these figures that a family with even one child could barely pay its way if it occupied an exceptionally low-rented dwelling, while those with several children would go far short of bare necessaries. In fact, as every student of budgets knows, even the poorest family spends something of its income on amenities at the expense of necessaries. Compare with the above table the actual expenditure of two of the unemployed who recently broadcasted. Mrs. Pallis (described in the *Listener* by a doctor "who had carefully studied her accounts" as "a clever buyer with a really sound knowledge of how to spend her money to the best advantage") found that out of her 33*s.* 3*d.* benefit (it will be 36*s.* under the new scale) she had only 16*s.* left for food for her husband, self and five children after paying other necessary charges, instead of the 31*s.* 1*d.* postulated by the B.M.A. scale. Mr. John Evans, with two children and 27*s.* 3*d.* benefit, spent 8*s.* on food for the four of them, or 3½*d.* per head per day, instead of the B.M.A. 17*s.* 5*d.* That is, both families are getting about half the food they need for health.

We must remember, however, that under the Unemployment Bill recipients of benefit will be able to apply for supplementary help to the new Unemployment Assistance Board, which will also deal with those unemployed who have exhausted their benefit or are insured for old age or widows' pensions, but not for unemployment. Hence the scale adopted by the new Board is of the first importance. Here the Minister of Labour has given satisfactory assurances, if only the Board lives up to them! He rejected an amendment to provide that the "needs" to be taken into account by the Board in assessing assistance should include "a reasonable amount for rent and all the minimum requirements of healthy physical subsistence" for the applicant and his household, on the ground that it could not better and might worsen the claims of the applicant. To consider "the requirements of healthy physical subsistence" was "exactly what the Board will have to do," since "one of the duties imposed upon them was to promote the welfare of the unemployed, and you cannot promote a man's welfare unless you take into account his physical requirements" (Hansard, February 26th, p. 786). Unless one reads into this assurance—repeated in even more emphatic terms to the Children's Minimum Deputation—the quibble that the Board must "consider" the requirements of healthy subsistence but need not make it possible to satisfy them, it foreshadows a scale of assistance which, in the case of large families with little or no other resources, will far exceed both ordinary benefit and any other scale of assistance that has ever been adopted by any public authority. Curiously, the real difficulty in the way of adopting such a scale was pointed out not by the Minister but by the Deputation, viz., that for families of unskilled or agricultural labourers with several children it might involve giving more than the applicant could earn in full work. This, as the Deputation also pointed out, might be met by making the scale subject to the limitation

that the amount granted to any applicant must not exceed the current rate of wages in his normal occupation. Past experience perhaps justifies some scepticism as to whether such a scale will in fact be operated. But it has been, I think, a tactical mistake on the part of the Opposition to have ignored this assurance. Rather should it be accepted, emphasised and trumpeted abroad, so that neither the Minister nor the Board, when it comes into existence, will be able to go back on it.

Consider next the Milk Bill. This gives nothing directly to the consumer, but assists the industry in three ways—by an Exchequer advance towards maintaining a minimum price for milk for manufacturing purposes; by a subsidy towards securing a purer milk supply; by a grant towards a Milk Publicity Fund, not to exceed £500,000 a year for two years, contingent on the Milk Marketing Board putting up an equal sum and on the submission of an approved scheme, including, *inter alia*, provision for the supply of milk to schools at reduced rates. In the debate of May 31st the Minister of Agriculture belittled the suggestion of the Children's Minimum Committee for disposing of surplus milk by a free supply to schoolchildren on the ground that, even if the present consumption of milk in schools were doubled, it would dispose only of a fraction of the surplus. This, however, is just what the Committee has itself pointed out. It is reckoned that at present about one million children receive a ration of a third of a pint each on 200 school days per annum—a total of some 8¼ million gallons. Suppose that the same service were extended to all the 6 million elementary school children; the annual consumption would then rise to roughly 50 million gallons. If in addition it were made possible for school children on non-school days and for children below school age and for expectant mothers of the same class during the last three months of pregnancy to claim the same ration of milk, and assuming that only one-half of all these did so, the consumption would total over 97 million gallons. Lastly, if for all these groups the present school ration of a third of a pint were increased to half a pint, the consumption would reach somewhere about 146 million gallons, costing at 1*s.* a gallon some £7¼ million per annum. It is significant that proposals broadly on these lines—not as a short-term but as a long-term policy—were supported in the House by members of all three parties, including Sir Edward Grigg, late Chairman of the Milk Reorganisation Commission.

Consider, lastly, the children of the smaller income tax payers. These may seldom lack "the minimum requirements of healthy subsistence." But their parents also have their discontents, and these will scarcely be lessened by the Finance Bill, unless their class solidarity is so highly developed that a concession to the whole group of income tax payers makes them oblivious to its impact on themselves. Repeatedly during the Budget debate the Chancellor and the Financial Secretary declared it to be a guiding principle of their proposals that those who had made sacrifices to the national emergency of 1931 should have the first claim to restitution, and that the restitution should be as far as possible proportionate to the sacrifice. But the effect of the sixpenny reduction in standard rate, unaccompanied by any restoration of the 1931 cuts in family allowances, is in flat opposition to this principle. In each income-group above those where the allowances have been and remain enough to swallow the tax, the relief now given is less, not only actually but proportionately to the increase levied in 1931, for those with larger family responsibilities than for those with fewer; it is also less, not only actually but proportionately, for the smaller incomes than for the larger. A table obtainable from the Family Endowment Society (post free, 3*d.*) shows this in detail, but the following examples illustrate the point:

With an earned income of £500 a single man's tax was increased in 1931 by £21; it is now reduced by £5 6*s.* (roughly a fourth). A married man with one child gave an increase of £14 19*s.*; he gets back £2 16*s.* (say a sixth). With three children he gets back 30*s.* out of £11 17*s.* (say an eighth). With five children he gets back 10*s.* out of £5 (a tenth).

Taking different income levels, a married man with three children gets back 10*s.* out of £5 (a tenth) if his earned income is £400; £5 16*s.* out of £34 2*s.* (say a sixth) if it is £750; £33 6*s.* out of £57 5*s.* (say three-fifths) if it is £2,000.

Let us suppose that this last-named fortunate individual is an M.P. or civil servant owning a 10 h.p. motor car. Then in addition to this substantial reduction in his income tax (which would be much larger if he had remained single) he also secures a 50 per cent. reduction in his salary cut and a £2 10*s.* reduction in his motor tax.

To sum up, the Government's distribution of the benefactions made possible by the revival in world trade—besides being surely the strangest application ever made of the principle of restitution proportionate to sacrifice—goes a very short way indeed towards securing the objective of the Children's Minimum Campaign. Perhaps the greatest gain will result from the Minister of Labour's assurance that in future the assistance obtained by the unemployed will be based on some kind of scientific scale representing the needs of healthy physical subsistence. But whether this part of the harvest ever matures and is garnered will depend on whether the new Unemployment Assistance Board is willing, or can be persuaded by popular pressure, to implement this assurance.

ELEANOR F. RATHBONE

# HOMAGE TO SPAHLINGER

IN 1925 Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, the distinguished physician, asked the late Sir Alfred Fripp, the King's surgeon, and myself to meet Mr. Spahlinger at dinner. What we ate I never knew, but what we heard I shall never forget. The three "qualified" doctors were all members of the Medical Council of the People's League of Health, and were especially pledged to fight tuberculosis, which is the people's disease, the "white plague" of our civilisation. We met an "unqualified" man, —like Pasteur—who had devoted his life to the subject, his first laboratory being a garret in his father's country house at Carouge, near Geneva, and his first assistant his father's chauffeur. Our host had used Spahlinger's preparations in his practice and was completely and finally satisfied as to their unprecedented powers, and he wanted to spread the light. After that evening every day seemed wasted until one could see the institute at Carouge for oneself, and after long and detailed observation there I published in two articles in the NEW STATESMAN the results of what I then called a "deplorably belated inquiry." To keep long away from the subject was impossible, and, after spending another three weeks in the company of Spahlinger and several of his patients, I published a third article, when it looked as if the work which had been begun already eighteen years previously was about to reach universal application for mankind. Those hopes were frustrated by malignant influences, almost too despicable even to despise—about them I will only say that their source was not in the medical profession in this country. Not until 1931, after five years had been lost and in them hundreds of thousands of victims of tuberculosis, did I return to the subject in these columns, and then it was in order to draw attention to yet another, the latest but not the last, of Spahlinger's demonstrations that by his bovine vaccine he can surely prevent tuberculosis in cattle. The work was done on the estate and with the animals of Captain R. G. Buxton, member of a family honoured in all countries, and, to boot, a leading breeder of pedigree cattle. The results were complete and perfect. The Aga Khan, speaking at the public meeting in London when the committee's report was presented, said—

> This vaccine solves the problem of ensuring that the milk and meat supply of the world can now be made safe from tuberculosis. . . . A safe and practical method now exists of banishing tuberculosis from among cattle . . . . The moment has come when this great beneficent discovery should be announced.

The next chapter in this strange, eventful history is the official test, conducted in 1931–1932 in Belfast by the Agricultural Department of Northern Ireland. In that test

Spahlinger went over to Ireland to help the Department's veterinary officials vaccinate the calves with his vaccine. He returned to England the next day and has not been in Ireland since. The test dose used to infect the animals with tubercle was prepared by the Department's officials, and the calves remained throughout the test under their sole control. Eight out of ten unvaccinated calves soon died of tubercle. Sir Lynden Macassey, K.C., to whose initiative the demonstration was due, tells us that, in January of this year, twenty months after receiving the lethal dose of tubercle bacilli prepared by the veterinary officers, the Ministry informs him that "the vaccinated calves are in thriving condition." He concludes as follows :—

> The Irish test confirms and validates the results of the previous Swiss and English tests, and proves beyond all doubt, criticism, or question that the Spahlinger vaccine confers on calves an extremely powerful immunity to tuberculosis.
>
> The circumstances of the test were such as to ensure the genuineness and certainty of the results.
>
> It cannot now be denied that there is in existence a completely effective vaccine which renders cattle immune to the dread disease of tuberculosis. There remains only to be seen with what speed or with what unnecessary and tragic delay mankind avails itself of this great and beneficent discovery.

There is no longer any excuse of any kind for allowing bovine tuberculosis and its infection of human beings through tuberculous milk to continue. Yet, even since the publication of the extraordinary volume from which the foregoing sentences are quoted, columns and columns of the *Times* have been filled with letters from many of the most eminent leaders of the medical and veterinary professions, discussing milk and tuberculosis, in none of which has even the theoretical possibility of the immunisation of cattle been alluded to, let alone the long and frequently repeated demonstrations of Spahlinger's achievement, in Switzerland, Norfolk and Northern Ireland. How these things can be so it passes my wits to begin to guess ; but the world is obviously even madder than one has always known it to be.

The volume* in question consists of an orderly series of contributions, from five different countries, made by statesmen, doctors, veterinary surgeons, former patients and agriculturists. No one who has written a word of it has received anything for his work. Lord Crewe sums up the whole matter as follows :

> The many distinguished writers from several countries have contributed what they know from first-hand observation and experience.
>
> Their aim has been to record and demonstrate the results obtained. These answer the hostile sceptic, who inevitably stands in the path of all pioneers, and consign him to the oblivion with which Time and Truth cover his kind throughout the ages.
>
> It is hereafter shown that, by the inspired patience of Spahlinger, following the bacteriological principles laid down by his immortal predecessors, tuberculosis in men and animals can be successfully treated and prevented.
>
> Since the publication of his vaccine formula the criticisms, derision, and obloquy which had been bestowed upon Spahlinger have vanished, and I hope that the publication of this book will be followed by general recognition and admiration for his work.

Two important points may be made from the foregoing. The formula for the preparation of the vaccine was published in the principal medical journals and elsewhere in February, 1932, and is reprinted in one of the appendices to this new volume : that is a most important point. The other, upon which I personally wish to insist, is that the prevention of human tuberculosis, made possible by Spahlinger's work, is not only in the abolition of milk infection, thanks to the vaccination of cattle, but will be, I have no doubt whatever, also in the vaccination of children by a vaccine prepared from the human type of tubercle bacilli, on those simple but also subtle lines which made possible the production—now more than twenty years ago !—of an effective vaccine—dead and therefore safe—from the bovine type of bacilli.

Professor Calmette, Sub-Director of the Pasteur Institute, who died recently, spent many years in the study of a vaccine prepared by himself from a specially attenuated strain of living tubercle bacilli. But these bacilli being alive, and capable of multiplication and modification, anything may happen, and everything has indeed happened at various times, including the most appalling holocausts of infants. The German Health Bureau in 1930 consequently prohibited the use of any living vaccine for tubercle in Germany, following a wholesale tragedy in Lübeck. But the Spahlinger vaccine contains no living bacilli and is absolutely safe. Bacteriologists throughout the world have concluded, with Calmette, that it was impossible to produce an effective dead vaccine. The reason has been demonstrated by Spahlinger's success. He, and he alone, has allowed the bacilli to die naturally, without the use of chemicals or heat, which alter their molecular constitution ; he, and he alone, has excluded ultra-violet light in the course of preparation, though it has been known for more than half a century—ever since the pioneer work of Downes and Blunt in 1877—that the ultra-violet components of sunlight are toxic to bacteria by alteration of their internal molecular structure. Such are some of the reasons why Spahlinger has succeeded where his predecessors have uniformly failed.

In this brief summary I have made little reference to the treatment of human tuberculosis, discussed in this book by leading medical authorities from this country, Switzerland and France. The emphasis should properly be laid, in this journal and by this pen, upon the prevention of the disease in man and cattle. But until the day, already twenty years overdue, when the use of the vaccines is general, there will still be innumerable cases of tuberculosis to treat, and therefore Part II, Section I, of this volume rightly occupies a large part of it. Spahlinger's present resources for treatment must necessarily be very limited, judging by the work at Carouge when I visited it during two months of last autumn, but it is to be hoped that the publication of this volume will lead to a resumption of the old work on its vast old scale, less of research now than of production—whether in Carouge or elsewhere, by Spahlinger himself or by others matters not to any who, like myself, have but one concern—to see the final stages begun and gloriously maintained in the conquest of this monstrously cruel and widespread disease. That conquest is now possible ; the knowledge which is power is in our hands. No one is entitled to deny that large statement, or to say one word against it, who has not at least read the evidence now laid before the mind and conscience of mankind. I will repeat, with added conviction, the words with which I concluded my last article here, in 1931 : "The ethical judgment on those who lie, or blindly deny and obstruct, on account of insular prejudice, or professional jealousy, when the lives and happiness of millions of mankind now living, to say nothing of the unborn, are at stake, cannot be doubtful. They are enemies of the human race, and a painful death from tuberculosis would be too good for them."

LENS

* Spahlinger *contra* Tuberculosis : 1908-1934 ; An International Tribute. Edited by Sir Lynden Macassey and Dr. C. W. Saleeby, with forewords by the Aga Khan, the Marquess of Crewe and Sir Arthur Stanley, an Introduction by Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter and an Afterword by Mr. Arthur Henderson (John Bale, Sons and Danielsson, 12*s.* 6*d.* net.).

# A LONDON DIARY

A CORRESPONDENT who watches events very closely at Geneva has some interesting things to say about the personal clash between Sir John Simon and M. Barthou. They had a stormy interview two days before their public row. Sir John's speech infuriated M. Barthou, because it put France and Germany side by side in the dock with Great Britain sitting in judgment —Sir John wearing the judge's wig. Coming from an old man of seventy-four M. Barthou's speech was an astonishingly vigorous effort. Some of his gibes have not been reported in England, and do not appear in the verbatim report : Sir John, who is a touchy man, seemed on one occasion, at least, to be on the point of getting up and going out of the room. What M. Barthou hoped to gain by his speech is not very clear. It was fun rather than statesmanship—*c'était magnifique, mais*

*ce n'était pas la paix*. Afterwards Sir John went round saying that the Conference had better close down at once; but Mr. Henderson and the League officials wanted to give the small Powers a chance of formulating their scheme. It is an odd way for the climax to have come. France and Great Britain are now furiously angry, each accusing the other of not wishing to go on with the Conference. I should say that both were largely right—or, at least, that each preferred collapse to making concessions. They agreed, that is to say, on one thing—that the concessions each would have to make to give the Conference a chance were more dangerous and less desirable than a race in armaments and a return to the old diplomacy—which, I suppose, is what they fundamentally believe in. They are like the fat man who is prepared to do anything to get slim, except eat less and exercise more. They are prepared to do anything for the success of the Disarmament Conference, except reduce armaments or give guarantees of security.

* * *

I referred last week to the question of Civil Servants holding shares in firms on the War Office, Admiralty or Air Ministry lists. Last Tuesday Mr. Dobbie, who encountered unusual difficulties in getting his question accepted for the Order Paper, asked a further question about the position of General Clive, Military Secretary to the Secretary of State for War. Mr. Duff Cooper seems for some inexplicable reason to have been made very angry by this question. His reply was certainly odd. He said that General Clive's appointment had already "terminated in the ordinary course of his duties," and added that the post of Military Secretary had "not the remotest connection with the purchase of armaments." As far as I know, no one said or suggested that General Clive bought armaments, nor does the fact that his appointment had terminated—the *London Gazette* now announces his retirement on half pay as from June 1st—seem relevant to the charge that he has been improperly holding these shares during the present Government. But the oddest thing about Mr. Duff Cooper's reply was that he did not deny nor indeed refer to the substance of the allegation.

* * *

People who have been brought up to believe that there is "a right of public assembly" in this country will be surprised to hear the result of a police court case at Braintree in Essex last week. The facts are briefly as follows. It has long been the custom to hold public meetings around a fountain in the Braintree Square. In February, just before the Hunger Marchers reached Braintree, the police placed a "ban" on all fountain meetings, alleging that the increase in traffic made such meetings dangerous. The local National Unemployed Workers Committtee believed that the ban was a political act aimed against their right of public assembly. So on May Day evening they held a protest meeting at the fountain. All the speakers, including a local curate and the Secretary of the Council for Civil Liberties, were summoned under the Highways Act of 1835 for "obstruction." The Council for Civil Liberties fought the matter as a test case. The proceedings lasted for two days and every point was carefully argued by Mr. Hector Hughes, K.C., who led the defence. Officials of the Council for Civil Liberties had made careful observations at the time and taken a census of the traffic passing through the square. The case was therefore fought under the most advantageous conditions for the defence, and the conviction of the defendants seems to demonstrate that the law of "obstruction" can be used to enable the police authorities to ban any political meeting at their own sweet will. The prosecution called only police evidence. They were unable to establish that a single vehicle had been held up by the crowd. The driver of the bus which had passed through the square at the height of the meeting gave evidence for the defence; he said that his bus was not impeded by the crowd in any way, and a number of well-known local residents confirmed the fact that there was no obstruction—as that term is understood by laymen. The police case rested on these points—that it would have been impossible for a pedestrian to have obtained a drink from the south side of the fountain during the meeting (they could admittedly have used the north side), that some people (who were not called to give evidence) had, in the opinion of the police, some difficulty in making their way along the pavement, and finally that there would not have been room for two lines of traffic, had they existed.

* * *

Two important facts emerge from the Braintree case. First, if other magistrates are prepared to follow this precedent, the Highways Act of 1835 can be used to stop any and all public meetings in streets and squares. If, as in Braintree, these are only the meeting places available, then the Highways Act can be so interpreted that all outdoor meetings will be effectively prohibited. The effect of the magistrates' decision—I am not disputing its legal correctness—was to subordinate an old-established custom of public meeting to the right of some hypothetical motorist, who, in the opinion of the police, might have wished to use the square had he been there. Secondly, the Braintree decision, if followed, places the power of deciding which public meetings shall be allowed and which not, entirely in the hands of the police. In an obstruction case of this nature the defence are in a hopeless position. They are compelled to prove a negative. They have to show that no individual or vehicle in the vicinity of the meeting was obstructed. Otherwise there is no way of denying the police assertion that obstruction, unspecified in detail, did exist. In fact, under the Braintree decision the police are safe in issuing, as they did on that occasion, a quite *ultra vires* "ban" on a public meeting before it takes place—which makes the theory of English law in such text books as Dicey look pretty foolish.

* * *

What excuse has England, now a defaulter herself, for keeping on the Irish embargo? If Mr. De Valera's pride would stand it, he would surely find it a good psychological moment for suggesting new Anglo-Irish conversations. I get varying reports about conditions in different parts of Ireland, but they all agree that the tariff war is hitting the country very hard. Take the account given me by a friend who recently spent a holiday in the Free State—in Waterford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Galway and Dublin. He talked to all manner of persons, peasants, farmers, land-owners, Anglo-Irishmen, inn-keepers, professors, or rather, as is the way with an Englishman in Ireland, they talked to him. The only people he didn't talk to or who did not talk to him were the professional politicians, and that, he thinks, made it easier to obtain a clear idea of the present economic and political situation. Everywhere everyone complained that there was no longer a market for Irish produce. The farmers are desperately hard hit and in some places on the verge of revolt against the Government. One of them, who had been a strong supporter of Valera, told him that he could go back and tell the English that "Ireland is an open-air asylum run by three crooks, Valera, O'Duffy and Cosgrave," a witticism which was not new, but which was significant coming from a Waterford farmer. Over and over again he was told the Government itself would be only too glad to retrace its steps and come to an agreement with England, but that De Valera has got himself into a position from which he dare not retreat. To-day with English default admitted and Anglo-American conversations in the offing he should find the position easier. England could not now take the high moral line.

* * *

A correspondent sends me the following extract from the *Times of West Africa*:

> The death of Madam Paulina Asamoa, February 4th, at Akna Bie House at the ripe age of 90 years gave occasion to an event illustrative of a remarkable coincidence in modern life. She was buried with five other women on the same day.
>
> The old lady was a model of chastity for she remained simple after the death of her husband from 1894. Thus our prominent citizen Mr. Sarkodee Adoo became the last of seven children.

CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Our prize of 5/- for the contribution placed at the head of this column goes this week to Mrs. Adams, 191 Gloucester Terrace, W.2. The same cutting was sent in by other contributors. In such cases the prize goes to the first opened.**
**All cuttings should be addressed "This England," 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.**

The world drought menace is more acute day by day. The *Evening Standard* yesterday laid such emphasis on the gravity of the situation that to-day attention is being devoted to the problem in all parts of the world.—*Evening Standard.*

Our Brown Glazed Pipes lend an air of distinction to the meanest drain.—Advert. in the *Evesham Journal.*

The Bishop, now carrying his mace, disappeared with his handsome retinue into the college. Boys ran to their parents or the playing fields. The villagers turned homewards. The sleepy herds of cows, who had been watching the proceedings with stupid eyes, turned back to their evening meal, unable to comprehend that exaltation in the glory of God which one and all present felt after the service. —*Leicester Mercury.*

In the next room that superb artist William Nicholson is exhibiting reticent oil-paintings of landscape fragments which speak volumes.—*News Chronicle.*

One of these dances was designed to show the absurdity of clothes. The young man wore nothing but a pair of gloves, a white waistcoat and tie, shoes and socks. The girl wore only a hat, a string of beads, gloves, pair of silk stockings, and carried a white powder puff.—From account in *Daily Express* of a nudist gala in Surrey.

The Japanese pilgrim takes away from each shrine he visits the "seal" of that shrine stamped on his white pilgrim's dress. Would it not be possible for the English pilgrim to take away from each Cathedral the name of that Cathedral, stamped on his "pilgrim's card," paying a small extra sum for each extra name?—Correspondent to the *Times.*

. . . Miss —— is much travelled . . . . She is also very musical. I have heard her humming Wagner in a bus. She looks almost too ethereal for this world, but she has done office work.—Daily paper.

Has it never occurred to Britain that while Russia trains women as soldiers she has in view the fighting qualities of the British—who would surrender before shooting a woman?—Letter to the *Daily Express.*

The lipstick of various shades is tea-proof, which must surely include the warmest of lip-salutes. There is a leg-wash which looks like silk stockings. The whole make-up is charmingly indelible, and most becoming.—*Observer.*

What would really happen if the British nation went pacifist? He submitted that the action would not be Christian, because it would be "tempting your brother." (Laughter and applause.) What a temptation to robber States in the world to plunder the British Empire! . . . He wanted to be a pacifist.—The Very Rev. Dr. Norman MacIran, at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, reported in the *Scotsman.*

Choose your reading with care. Read books about successful men. Many of Arnold Bennett's novels are stories of successful men. If you have a hero, Napoleon, Rockefeller, Mond, Leverhulme, read his life once a year.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Another question by a member was: "Would the public health committee consider the advisability of giving expert advice on birth control, where it relates to parents in rooms and unemployed persons, as a precautionary measure against unhealthy and under-nourished children." Councillor Knowlden (chairman of the committee) replied that, as the question raised ethical problems, it was hardly one for the corporation to deal with. His own opinion was that we mortals should not "mess about with the Almighty's plans."—Report in *Surrey Comet* of debate in Kingston Town Council.

# THE DRAW

ONCE more the great prize has eluded me. One more draw for the Irish Sweep has taken place and the result has been as before. Nearly two million pounds has been allotted to all kinds of deserving and undeserving people, but not a farthing to me. Which of us is the more enviable, I wonder, the winners or the losers? I have often read letters in the press on the demoralising effects of sweepstakes, and I have tried to come to a decision as to whether it is more demoralising to win £30,000 or to lose ten shillings. All I am sure of is that it is not very demoralising to lose ten shillings. Life goes on much as usual. The sky has not fallen. It may even be true that it is better to have loved money and lost than never to have loved money at all.

As there happens to be a crisis in the sweepstake world just now, with the blood of the British peerage boiling at the iniquity of gambling in any part of the British Commonwealth except England and Tasmania, I was glad this week to take advantage of an opportunity to go over and see the draw which was causing so much distress among the dukes. As one approached the Irish shore the whole island was bathed in the innocence of sunshine. It was as lovely as an island of the imagination seen in the West in a dream. When I arrived in the city and went out for a walk round Stephen's Green, birds were singing above children at play, and the world was in flower in the still evening. Could it be that a serpent was lurking somewhere in this green and gold paradise? Was that young father, as he pushed his infant son along past the ducks in a go-cart, dreaming the poisonous dreams of avarice? I cannot say. I saw only the surface of things and no serpent was visible to the naked eye.

The next day was the Sabbath, and through the gentle Sabbath sunshine I went out to Croke Park to see a hurling match between Dublin and Limerick. How charming the teams looked in the brilliant green of Limerick and the brilliant blue of Dublin! A pipers' band came out, dressed in green kilts and with flowing saffron robes, many of the pipers wearing feathers in their caps. They marched round the field, followed by the teams, the players walking two by two, as in the march on to the Ark, a green-shirted man beside a blue-shirted man, each carrying a hurley, the weapon used in the game. As the procession marched round the field over the green grass to the accompaniment of ancient and warlike airs one could not help regretting that no Irish Deges had ever arisen to perpetuate on canvas the colours of the hurling field as Deges perpetuated the colours of the racecourse and the ballet. Beside the leader of the band marched a small boy in the pride of green and saffron, stretching his legs into impossible strides in order to keep in step with heroes. How he strode as the pipers burst out into *The Bold Fenian Men*! Then the pipers ceased and the police band played *The Soldiers' Song*, and the game began.

I am not quite sure about the rules of hurling, but, as a moral equivalent to war, it seems to me to be about the only rival to Rugby football. It is said to be the original form of hockey: some people have described it as hockey without rules. It is rather like a mixture of hockey and lacrosse. Hurleys, as the clubs are called, rise into the air like weapons of war, and the player is allowed to do almost anything he likes with his hurley, except hit a player on the other side. The unaccustomed spectator cannot but feel apprehensive as he sees the players wielding their weapons among the skulls and limbs of their opponents, lest some mortal injury will result. Hurleys meet in the air with a wild crashing of wood: one of them is broken into two pieces, and small boys rush on to the field in a struggle to retrieve a broken blade as a memento. The rate of stick-smashing was so rapid that I was reminded of a game I once played as a boy when we smashed the entire set of a respectable householder's croquet mallets in a game of hurling on a lawn. The casualties to sticks certainly went into double figures. The casualties to players were less

numerous, but the ambulance men must have been on the field at least seven or eight times, and I could not help feeling glad that there were no international hurling matches. Imagine a game of hurling played between France and Scotland. Yet, after all, only one of the injured players had to leave the field. Possibly even hurling is not so dangerous as it looks.

It is certainly a swift and beautiful game, calling into play all the skill of eye and hand and foot. To see a good player catching the ball in his hand amid a mob of opponents and striking it through the air half-way up the field into the goal-mouth is an experience worth crossing the Irish Sea to enjoy. On the whole, the Limerick men seemed to be about a quarter of a second faster than the Dublin men in everything they did, and it looked at half-time as if they were certain to run through them. There was a Dublin back, however, who played like a hero, and who was always a quarter of a second faster than any Limerick man who was near him. Even when a game is one-sided, an invincible player can keep it exciting to the end. Knowing nothing about the game, I do not know whether it was a good match or not; but it was a good match for me. As I left the ground the friend who was with me said: "After this, I don't think you need feel nervous about going to a bull-fight."

One curious thing about this physical prowess is that it makes one forget all about money. While I was watching the game, and for a considerable time afterwards, the ten shillings that I had invested in the sweepstake was less than the dust beneath the chariot wheels. Even the next morning, when I set out to see the draw in the Plaza, I felt curiously indifferent to the fate of the ten shillings. I had always felt a little nervous of being present at the draw. What would happen, I asked myself, if I heard my pseudonym announced as having drawn the favourite? I have never swooned in public, but should I not swoon if I suddenly found myself named in presence of the multitude as the potential possessor of £30,000? A poor man could do a lot with £30,000. He could vegetate for the rest of his life, and who except the saints does not long to be able to afford to vegetate? There is much to be said, after one has passed middle age, for the life of a vegetable.

I confess, however, when I arrived at the Plaza, I ceased to care whether I won £30,000 or not. The atmosphere was too unreal, too like an enchanted Elstree. Fierce lights blazed down upon us from all parts of the hall, turning us into film actors. The blue and white drum on the stage that held all our counterfoils was painted in the image of a river flowing under a bridge on which stood a sweep with his broom and various national characters. Round the walls were pictures by Mr. Keating, retelling the great treasure stories of the world, from *Ali Baba* to *Treasure Island*. Above the stage was the inscription, "The World's Greatest Treasure Story—the Irish Sweep." A band in the gallery played Irish airs, and hundreds of girls in every kind of treasure-story costume filled the central aisle and ranged themselves like a chorus across the stage. The Lord Mayor in his robes, Colonel Broy, the head of the police, and Lord Powerscourt marched through the cinema scene to the platform. Hospital nurses took their places beside the drum. A small glass drum was brought out, containing the names of the horses. Auditors, linguists, messenger boys, telegraphists, men in medieval costumes helped to crowd the scene. We had speeches telling us how the sweep had helped Irish employment, English trade and the hospitals, and how it had sent £11,000,000 to England in prize-money; and then the drum began to turn.

Six nurses, sitting sideways to it, rose from their chairs as it stopped. Six portholes were opened in the side of the drum. Each nurse put her hand into a porthole, drew out a counterfoil and held it above her head. Colonel Broy stepped across the stage and took the counterfoils from the hands of the six nurses and delivered them to the clerks' table. The glass drum was then revolved, and a nurse took out the name of the horse. Mr. O'Sheehan, the secretary and announcer, read the name of the horse and of the pseudonyms on the counterfoils that had been drawn—"About Time," "Luck at Last," "White Cat," and so forth; and when an Irish address was announced, a crowded hall cheered loudly. There must also have been some Somersetshire people present, for there was an unexpected ovation when the name and address of a Somersetshire man were read out.

So all day long the noise of drawing rolled, with the floor of the building shaking under the feet of the innumerable messenger-boys who hurried with the typed lists of the winners to the press and the telegraphists. One became hypnotised as the stream of luck flowed on under the heat of the lamps. But the audience never tired. The plot of the play they were witnessing was not particularly coherent, but it was a transformation scene for a great number of eager human beings. It was an amusing drama of hope, admirably staged. If there is anything much more innocent than this in this wicked world, I do not know it. But, then, I was brought up in an age which looked on it as a virtue to live in obedience to the precept: "If you don't at first succeed, try, try, try again."

Y. Y.

## ARMS AND THE CHACO

ALTHOUGH our modest statesmen deem
That their collective cerebrations
Are impotent to frame a scheme
For stopping major conflagrations,
They still desire to prove their strength
By giving us some hopes, though brittle ones,
Of limiting a conflict's length
When both the Powers are very little ones.

And so (and even for this much thanks!)
We soon may see full many a cargo
Of guns and shells and planes and tanks
Stopped by a Chaco arms embargo.
The Governments grow tired, in fact,
Of letting tainted money blind them
From seeing Covenant and Pact
Torn up by aid of those who signed them.

One should not crab good news, and yet,
Despite the tact I've always cherished,
It isn't easy to forget
That thousands have already perished;
And that whatever moral claim
Lies on us to deny facilities
For jungle-strife, was just the same
At the first opening of hostilities.

Hence carpers, such as I who write,
Would feel more genuine satisfaction
Could means be found to expedite
This process of collective action;
Lest, in the future, warring States
Should only find the Powers refuse them
Fresh weapons for their mutual hates
When none were left alive to use them.

MACFLECKNOE

# Correspondence

## THE AMERICAN DEBT

SIR,—To me, as an American, the last news about the British war debt is the best news of all—and, indeed, the only good news I can remember for a long time. I take it for granted that Great Britain's example will be followed by most of the other countries which have been making token payments, and perhaps by some of those which, like France, have recently been paying nothing at all. After all these years we are at last getting down to a realistic basis, with some hope of finally getting rid of a question which, as between Great Britain and the United States, is causing a

certain frigidity at a time when friendly understanding and common action are of vital importance to the peace of the world.

I am sure, first of all, that during the past eighteen months the British have sadly overestimated the good effect upon American opinion of the token payments. American resentment against France was so strong that any action other than hers seemed, as represented both in the press and in individual comment, to have a higher value in American eyes than it actually possessed. In fact, however, the chief American argument for payment of the debts has always been, "If you don't pay, we shall have to." (That is, American taxes will have to be increased to provide interest and amortisation on the internal debt, which, in popular theory at least, was incurred in order to make possible the advances to foreign countries, reckoned, with interest, roughly at some $11,000,000,000.) Token payments, of course, in no way met this problem, nor were they otherwise of much financial importance to America. I am confident that with each successive payment of this sort a steadily mounting tide of ill-will would have been apparent among rank and file Americans.

I am also confident that even the hostility to France, to which I have referred, was far less the result of the war debt situation than is commonly supposed. French repudiation of further immediate payment lent itself readily to the wit of popular journalists and the authors of music-hall back-chat; but in fact, it was only the last of a series of reasons for bad feeling between the two countries. First of all, there was the reaction from wartime propaganda, which exalted France so high that her subsequent fall in American esteem was sure to be great—especially at a time when the Americans were disillusioned about the whole episode of their participation in the war. In the second place, most of the American soldiers who fought in France apparently returned home with a long list of grievances which they promptly aired among their families and neighbours. Third, American exporters have been annoyed, however illogically, at French tariff restrictions, which made their business difficult. Fourth, Americans have come to blame most of the troubles of the post-war world upon the Treaty of Versailles, and to regard France as the chief protagonist of that treaty. The war debt development was, therefore, only one more log on a very big blaze.

Among those Americans who will secretly welcome the British action, even though they are hardly likely to admit it, are many members of Congress. Not all of these gentlemen are as ignorant of economic law, or as unreasonable, as they have seemed. For years a majority of them have believed that to advocate further reduction of the debts, or cancellation, would be completely fatal to their popularity with their constituents; and they have therefore observed the almost universal law which says that the first duty of a politician is to get himself re-elected. But the onus will soon be removed from the idea of fresh negotiations with the debtors looking toward a very large scaling down of the debt. In fact, it is my judgment that such an effort will become popular in the United States, and that we shall see a number of Congressmen hurrying to "get on the bandwagon."

What is the chance for a successful outcome to fresh debt negotiations, when and if they take place? It is obviously too early to say. Such negotiations, of course, might fail; but in that case we should be little worse off, perhaps none, than we have been for the past few years. If they succeed, their success will in part at least be the result of important differences between the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt toward foreign trade and that of his three predecessors in office, from 1920 to 1932. During those years the United States government refused to act consistently, either as a debtor or a creditor nation. It wanted to have its cake and eat it—to make large investments abroad, preserve those public and private ones already made, and at the same time to keep a tremendous "favourable" balance of trade. Such a plan, as everyone knows, made repayment of American loans abroad, of whatever category, almost impossible.

It is conceivable, certainly, that, in the last analysis, Congress and the American people would refuse to set up conditions making possible any substantial payment on the war debts. They might prefer to get the money by encouraging exports and then taxing the exporters. In that case the debt question would be settled once and forever. It is obvious that if an arrangement is made the amounts involved will be tremendously smaller than at present. The debts are shrinking in the public mind from year to year in America, as they are doing abroad. It is well to remember, however, that Mr. Roosevelt's foreign trade policy is new and different. He is just now obtaining from Congress the power to negotiate individual trade agreements with separate countries, involving large alterations of existing tariffs, to be accomplished by him and not, as is traditionally the case, by Congress Behind this lies, rather vaguely at present, a plan to divide all imports and exports into five or six categories, ranged in their order of importance to the American national economy, and then do everything possible to encourage operations in regard to those things deemed most desirable. War-debt payments could, of course, be fitted into such a scheme far better than they could into one where America sought to import as little as possible of anything, and to export as much as possible of the goods whose producers happened to be most energetic in pursuit of trade.

BRUCE BLIVEN

[This letter from the editor of the *New Republic* is referred to in our leading article.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## THE ADMIRALTY AND THE SEDITION BILL

SIR,—As the Chaplain obviously referred to in your article "The Admiralty and the Sedition Bill," may I be allowed to make a few observations? My own case simply showed, because, Socialism has become a pathological obsession with the Admiralty how easy it is for allegations of this kind to be used to remove anyone from the Navy. The charges made against me were trivial to the point of futility, but the mention of "Socialism" was sufficient. I should undoubtedly have been dismissed the Service had not Lord Snowden, who was a friend of my late father, and Lord Privy Seal at that time, intervened on my behalf.

According to their lights, the officers in the Navy are a fine body of men, but one cannot be blind to the fact that, although they would repudiate the name, they are entirely Fascist in outlook, and it is because of their very good qualities that they constitute a grave menace to the future well-being of this country, for they would throw all their weight into the scale against any real attempt at Socialism, and the bulk of the men would undoubtedly, as things are at present, follow them devotedly and blindly.

I would add that the men are also influenced by the consideration, which has for a long time been dinned into them by the authorities, that a Socialist Government would mean complete disarmament, and their being thrown on to the beach. It should be made quite clear by the Labour Party that until the arrival of the Socialist millennium the Navy will be as much needed as it is to-day, that no men will be dismissed, and that the pay will remain the same or be improved. It should also put forward a scheme for the abolition of the present system of entry for officers, and replace it by recruitment from the lower deck entirely.

British Sailors' Society,
The Sailors' Palace,
680 Commercial Road, E.14.

AUSTIN LEE
Late Chaplain Royal Navy

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SIR,—I would be inclined to go a little further than ex-A.B. when he suggests that a few officers did appreciate the difficulties of an A.B.'s household budget. I think a good number of both officers and men mutually realised what the cuts would mean to the young married A.B. and lieutenant. No, it was not lack of understanding between officer and man which led to the mutiny, but the lack of confidence felt by the whole ship's company in the ability of the naval members of the Board to protect them from, and redress, unreasonable impositions. I believe the Board remained unchanged after this failure; this would appear the most disturbing feature of the whole affair.

"RETIRED COMMANDER"

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SIR,—May I recommend to you, and to all others who frequently have occasion to publish information that might become offensive if the Sedition Bill passes its third reading, the adoption of some simple formula which could be used on every copy of such books, periodicals, pamphlets, etc., as might, if distributed to H.M. Forces, cause a dangerous degree of clear thinking?

I understand that the Bill has now been amended in such a way that if I have in my possession copies of one of Mr. MacDonald's pamphlets calling for the formation of Workers and Soldiers Councils, the onus of proving that I intend to disseminate them to the Forces lies with the prosecution. This amendment is undoubtedly an improvement on the original Bill, which would have obliged me to show "lawful excuse," and I suggest that it

should in future be quite as safe to possess the Prime Minister's works as it is to have in one's possession a bottle of poison. In each case, one has only to safeguard one's self against suspicion by a label and a warning.

The formula I am contemplating myself for literature published in future by the No More War Movement runs as follows :

> In view of the vital necessity of HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES being kept uninformed, no copies of this publication should be distributed to any member of the Navy, Army or Air Force. Police in plain clothes take this at their own risk and are advised not to read it. The Movement cannot hold itself responsible for any damage done to the ignorance of members of the Forces wearing civilian dress who obtain information under false pretences.

Possibly this may prove a useful model to other constitutionalists who, like myself, are anxious to avoid any misunderstanding.

The No More War Movement, 55 Long Acre, W.C.2. REGINALD A. REYNOLDS General Secretary

[We fear that the adoption of this ingenious suggestion would almost certainly ensure a prosecution.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

## ARCHITECTURAL CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Critic refers in his Diary to the rejection by the Ruislip Council of a contemporary design for a colony of houses. He blames local officialdom ; but the case is worse and of wider importance. The Council were backed in their decision by the local unofficial advisory panel of architects and builders.

These panels were set up by the R.I.B.A. and the C.P.R.E. with the primary object of providing some aesthetic filter for the results of the Tudorrhoea of the average speculative builder. In this case a speculative builder above the average took the creditable step of approaching architects of high standing (one a Rome scholar, the other a member of, or nominee for, various committees of the R.I.B.A.) for designs. The Council unconditionally and illegally rejected these designs. After much delay they forwarded to the architects a letter from the local panel stating that the designs were " deliberately odd " and that though " architects might be interested to see these designs carried out . . . nine out of ten of the Ruislip population would view these houses in their proposed situation with active disfavour." (It should be added that the site was completely isolated from houses of conflicting type.) After a year's delay the case came before an arbitrator, appointed by the President of the R.I.B.A., who upheld the Council's decision, with the condition that they must state what alterations they require in the design.

The panel system is thus being misused for the enforcement of reactionary opinions by architects no more qualified than those they presume to judge, while the blooms of speculator *vulgaris* flourish unchecked and those of speculator *illuminatus* are nipped by the cruel frosts of prejudice and vested interest.

9 Chalcot Crescent, N.W.1. J. R. HILTON

## THE SAAR

SIR,—Herr Rudolf Olden, formerly on the staff of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, has been allowed to make a statement in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION (May 26th) which is not correct. Referring to an article of mine in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* (January 16th), he says that I warned the population of the Saar that " no amnesty could protect them from the consequences of their present attitude." His interpretation is that " no promise, however solemn, of the authorities, not even the intention to keep such a promise, could save the lives and property of the traitors."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* which, by the way, the Nazis most certainly would not call a Nazi paper (as Herr Olden does), was fighting, and is still fighting, against the damaging nonsense of taking a useless and highly provoking vote in a part of German territory. No amnesty will be able to repair the poisoning effect of the preceding campaign. What I said, therefore, was this : *Even in case of an amnesty* a certain kind of people, regardless of their extraction, French or German, emigrants or separatists, will never be forgiven by a national Government because, in a decisive hour, they have taken side against their country in a criminal way. In other words—there may be an amnesty, but not for these people. RUDOLF KIRCHER,

*Frankfurter Zeitung*, Berlin W 9. Editor-in-Chief

## POETS' CORNER

SIR,—In the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey a monument has recently been erected to the memory of Adam Lindsay Gordon. Some very poor poets have in the past been honoured in this way owing to mistakes in contemporary judgment, but has this privilege ever previously been given to a writer considered by a general consensus of critical opinion to be a mere versifier ? In his address at the unveiling of the monument the Archbishop of Canterbury explained the reason for this surprising gesture. Critics, he said, might doubt the permanent value of Gordon's work, but the people of Australia had taken him to their heart. No doubt we felt that some amends were due to the Australians for the brutal treatment last year of their batsmen by the English bowling. May I suggest that our refusal to pay interest on our debt to the United States is similarly exacerbating our relations with that great country ; and that the resentment of the Americans might similarly be mollified by erecting in the Poets' Corner a monument to a poet very dear to the heart of America, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox ? RAYMOND MORTIMER

## " THE ROCK "

SIR,—Mr. Francis Birrell's notice of *The Rock* in your issue of to-day is, I dare say, quite excessively laudatory ; but I am naturally disposed to accept without protest any praise that is not robbed from others. But when he says that " all the way through, both in the prose and verse passages and in what the film writers would call the continuation," I show myself " a greater master of theatrical technique than all our professional dramatists put together," he is unknowingly assigning to me a good deal of the work which was done by the producer, Mr. E. Martin Browne.

24 Russell Square, W.C.1. T. S. ELIOT

# Miscellany

## JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS MEETING

SHE looked round the room, vaguely at first, then critically, as though she was seeing it for the first time, or with a pair of eyes newly focused. She had not until then broken the chain of the thoughts that had absorbed her since she had put Barbara and little Paul to bed an hour before. She began to look at each object—the table, the armchair opposite, in which her husband sat every evening, the etchings of farms and seascapes, the slender brass jug on its stand in the far corner—as though they were part of a neighbour's possessions, and not her own. " Or Paul's," she added with resentment. She listened to herself, and was sad with this growing bitterness.

After the long hours of that day she felt a sudden wild resentment that the absence of Paul with his mistress should aggravate the wrong done to her by leaving her so lonely. Yet how could it be otherwise ? She was puzzled, distressed—it was almost as if she wanted to see her husband's frame familiarly in the armchair opposite so that she could ask him, not for explanations, but for advice. " But this is absurd, absurd," she said to herself, and sat stiffly upright as though that would bring her errant thoughts to order.

There was a book he had left open. What had he been reading ? But she could not look, so intent was she on this new channel her mind had opened for itself, opened it seemed without any propulsion from outside. She marvelled, was incredulous, now, that this had not happened to her earlier during those eight years of married life, a happy eight years. Though he was so seldom away, she knew perfectly well that he had gone on this errand before. She had never asked him. But now the thrust of that separating force had grown so much in strength that——

She was startled by the opening of the door. Had he——?

" Will you want me again, m'm ? "

" No, Anne, thank you. Good night."

" Good night, m'm. I have locked up, as the master's not here. And the cat's in."

Did she see commiseration in Anne's face? She felt that that was the last thing she could stand.

"All right, Anne, thank you."

Was this all illusion? She thought of one or two women she knew who had twined themselves round their men like those horrible creepers in South American forests, needing hatchets to chop them away. Had she become like those? Did she need, she thought with a wild attack of humour, some severe lopping with a hatchet? Or, like all women, as the big German philosopher had said, a touch of the whip to bring her to heel? She felt a faint disgust with herself, not with Paul. But he still stood before her polarised to an antagonist.

She thought back, carefully—she was quite unable to prevent herself—to their days of courtship and early marriage.

But why should that bind him now, she argued bitterly, if he did not feel himself bound? There was nothing during the years, as she thought them over, at first carefully, then listlessly, as concentration in this vague sea became so unprofitable, that could justify her convictions, yet they refused to be shaken.

She went upstairs and prepared for bed, slowly. Little good-night sallies of theirs came filing through her consciousness one after another. Now what, she wondered, did a man say to another woman on brief, fugitive nights? Could it be true that Paul was so committed, and had all the technique clear and ready? A different, fresher, quicker-moving affair it would have to be, she supposed. Yet she herself had contributed towards the perfecting of it—perhaps she had carried him most of the way? She was startled at this strange racing of her thoughts—it was as though she, and not Paul, was going up a different staircase to a haven that was not habitual.

Her sleep was broken by dreams, dreams of Paul addressing her by another name and speaking of the children remotely, as though they were strangers; of her neighbour entering to say with ill-concealed joy, "We are so sorry to hear you have lost your husband, Mrs. Sennett. One of the twelve disciples, too, was he not? That makes it so much more sad, doesn't it? You wouldn't know, Mrs. Sennett, what he's a disciple of now, would you?" and then disappearing through the door with a screech of satisfaction.

She lay staring, at last, at the light filtering in from their suburban road, waiting patiently for the hour when she could get up to make herself some tea without hopelessly scaring Anne.

Paul and Barbara quarrelled at breakfast about the one pencil they had been able to find, and which both claimed positively could not be done without at school. "It's disgraceful," she told them sharply, "you should think of these things before. Paul, you go and look for a pencil." Paul was cheeky; he could not be persuaded to until he had attempted to hack the pencil in two and pretended to cut his finger instead.

She knew that this was because their father was away; he had a way with them, more particularly in the mornings, that did not allow these developments. Why was it, she asked herself forlornly, that she had come to be so dependent on his control?

"Where is Daddy?" asked Barbara sharply.

"He's away on business."

"I mean which town, Mummie?"

"He's not quite sure. It might be one of two or three he has to go to."

"But he never goes away." Barbara's tone was full of the grievance of one called too early to school in the morning.

"No, but why shouldn't he?" said her mother quickly, arguing against herself.

"I like him here," said Barbara petulantly.

"You wouldn't speak to him in that tone," she told her firmly. "Behave yourself, Barbara."

The postman brought a note from him. He would be home that evening, he said, for certain. He sent love in haste to all of them.

The day wore on with its certainty of desolation barbed in her heart, transfixing it as though it must be lifeless for ever. She was busy with the house most of the day, but through her tasks came shooting one incredulity after another. Could a man who had been the perfect father during that summer holiday at Clynton, who loved them all as Paul loved them, do this thing? Could he have taken all that trouble with Barbara's homework, sitting there, full of the secret knowledge that the next evening he would be with his mistress? Teaching her other things, she thought bitterly, not met with in the schools' curriculum. Yes; she told herself sadly that it was possible. Why should it not be? He could be kind, kinder than others, perhaps—of what avail was that? Her real surety lay in her knowledge that he loved her, still loved her. Was he, then, deceitful in essence? But it was no use musing herself stupid. She shook herself once more into the sane, unchanging routine of the house.

At tea-time, the children home from school, Paul asked Anne, "Will you give me another half teacake, please, Anne? That's not very much. My Daddy always brings home nice presents, really lovely ones."

Anne looked smilingly at Mrs. Sennett, and she nodded, stricken with dismay. He would bring home presents, almost certainly. She wished suddenly, passionately, that he would bring nothing but himself. For how many worlds away were presents from the problem he had given her to solve?

Yet, strangely, quite inexplicably, sitting there quietly, throughout the long evening, she felt herself gradually overtaken by the feeling that life was large and wonderful and adventurous, and that she and Paul were entitled to all the compassion and understanding that they could get. The feeling grew and grew until it filled her with a hard-won peace. She saw the two of them, from the calm of this shore, each in a separate barque, nice people, with a zest in life and fronting bravely all the chances of these journeyings on unexplored seas. Yes, zestful mariners, but not accomplished ones. "Children—we are children," she said to herself.

Barbara and Paul were in bed when she heard his key in the door and went quietly to meet him.

His deep voice said, "Hullo, Pen!" It sounded very tender. "It's good to be here again! Did you get my note? I almost thought at first I shouldn't manage it to-day. Everything all right?"

"Yes," she said, "quite all right."

She listened dully as he talked on. He came in and sat in the opposite armchair. He looked strained and anxious, his eyes were dark, as he began to tell her of his journey.

She felt again, overwhelmingly, that she could not hear; that there was a falseness in this. But before she could speak he jumped up, with a hurried "Before I forget—" and went out to his bag.

He brought in three packages and, smiling at her, placed them on a little side-table.

"It's too late for Barbara and Paul," he said, "but won't you open yours?"

She went over and stood looking down at the table, then turned suddenly to face him.

"Paul," she said, "that's part of the lie, isn't it? Why do you leave me for another woman?"

He flushed to the hair, his mouth hung open in a way she had never seen before. His eyes, startled at first, sought hers but dropped immediately. That was a quite different face—it was like fronting a stranger.

She looked at him carefully, and added hardly, "You are dressed like a business man, Paul. Tell me, have you been on business?" His eyes were on the carpet. and she grew suddenly bitter at the folly of men. Then she jeered, as though coming fully to life, "Black ties are for funerals, not weddings. . . . Does—does she like black?"

He faced her then desperately, but stopped, and, still silent, walked slowly to the armchair and sat down wearily.

He looked at her again then, helplessly, like a caught schoolboy.

" She's dead," he said quietly.

She stood rigid, with a sharp catch of her breath, looking down at him as he sat there, defeated, lonely.

For a full half-minute she heard the clock tick fatalistically in the silence of the room.

Then she got up lightly, and went across to look down at him.

" Sit still, you must be tired. I'll get you some supper."

L. A. PAVEY

## THE LENINGRAD MUSIC FESTIVAL

THE first Leningrad Music Festival (May 20th to 29th) was planned to show the esteem in which the U.S.S.R. holds its heritage of classical Russian music and to demonstrate the prowess of the generation of composers which has grown to maturity since the revolution and whose musical idiom avowedly reflects the new Communist ideology of the Union. Shostakovitch says in an autobiographical note : " There can be no greater joy for a composer than the knowledge that by his creation he is furthering the progress of Soviet musical culture, which will play a prominent role in the reshaping of the human mind." It is therefore hardly surprising that the contemporary Soviet composer is not in the least concerned with the problem of absolute music, as opposed to programme music, *Gebrauchsmusik*, or any other kind of music ; it is safe to say that each work of his is imbued with a deliberate social purpose expressed as objectively as possible.

The two Soviet composers who are best known abroad are probably Shostakovitch and Knipper, the respective leaders of the Leningrad and Moscow schools of composition. It was unfortunate that the performance of Knipper's 3rd Symphony (*The Far East*) had to be cancelled owing to lack of sufficient time for rehearsal ; but Shostakovitch's output was generously represented at the Festival by his Piano Concerto (1933), the two ballet suites, *The Golden Age* (1929) and *Bolt* (1930), and his most recent opera, *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* (1930–32).

Shostakovitch was born in 1906, and it seems hardly surprising that his earlier works (particularly the two ballets) suffer from the clever and sparkling over-exuberance and lack of restraint that characterised so much of the music written for Diaghilev's ballet after the war. Although Shostakovitch admits that he has been consciously influenced by Richard Strauss and Alban Berg, much of his music seems nearer in style to the buffoonery of Prokofiev or the pseudo-bustle of Hindemith at his busiest. Shostakovitch's idiom is somewhat short-winded, and his orchestration, though brilliant and individual, runs to excesses in the outer registers (*e.g.*, the allegretto in *Bolt*) : a little moderation in the use of the piccolo flute, xylophone and trombone glissandi would be particularly welcome.

But in his latest opera, *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*, most of these faults disappear. The orchestration is more restrained, the musical material is managed with a masterful sense of contrast and balance, and anyone who might have been repelled by the crudities of the earlier acts is immediately won over and convinced by the beauty and pathos of the final act. Some critics have compared this opera to *Wozzeck*, but the resemblance is only superficial and lies rather in the choice of subject than in the musical idiom employed. The occurrence of occasional reminiscences of *Mavra* and *News of the Day* does not prevent it from being the greatest Russian opera written since the revolution.

The performance at the Mikhaelovski was perfect in every detail. Many months of rehearsal had preceded the first performance last March ; and the present production with its clever cross-sectional setting for the earlier acts and magnificently staged finale at the river ferry in Siberia was one of which any theatre in the world might be proud. Sokolova scored a great success in the title role, and Samosud proved himself the best conductor of the whole Festival.

The other opera on the Festival programme was *Prince Igor*. According to rumour, this was to be performed in the integral version as conceived and written (though not orchestrated) by Borodin ; in actual fact, the Mariinski Theatre saw fit to present it in the old realistic setting by Korovin with the whole of the penultimate act omitted. As usual in Russia, the basses were superb, Bolotin making an especially impressive Galitsky, while the women (especially the sopranos) were only mediocre. There seems to be some constitutional defect in Russian women which makes it impossible for them to sing a melodic line without blurring it in the manner of faulty colour-printing. Borodin's music inevitably triumphed over these minor blemishes ; and Fokin's choreography of the Polovtsian dances seemed as fresh and delightful as ever.

After Shostakovitch, the most important novelty was supposed to be Asafiev's ballet, *The Flames of Paris* ; but disappointment set in from the overture's first clumsy common chord. The authors of this historical pantomime with dance claim that it is " a solution of the problem of the new revolutionary ballet " ; but they are sadly mistaken. A more worthless and pretentious piece of work it would be hard to imagine. It is unwise, however, to conclude from this ballet alone that the standard of ballet-dancing in Russia has waned since the revolution. There is probably more young talent in the State-supported Ballet School than ever before ; and performances outside the official framework of the Festival (such as the deliciously fresh production of Delibes's *Coppelia* at the Mikhaelovski) made it clear that the average Mariinski performance was somewhat reactionary and certainly not typical of the best Soviet dancing.

Over the orchestral concerts it will be only decent to draw a veil. The two guest conductors, Mitropolos and Hauck, proved so incompetent that even such well-known works as Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol* and Prokofiev's *Classical Symphony* were mutilated almost beyond recognition. The best performance by the Leningrad Philharmonic was undoubtedly that of Shostakovitch's Piano Concerto, with the composer himself at the piano. This work has all the verve and technical brilliance of Stravinsky's *Capriccio* without the *Capriccio's* inhuman formalism, and the additional merit of being immediately and recognisably popular. As for the other works by contemporary Soviet composers, such as Shaporin, Shebalin, Schechter and Shcherbachev, there seemed no adequate reason why these should ever be granted passports to travel beyond the borders of the U.S.S.R.

The organisers of the Festival entertained their visitors with proverbial Russian kindness and hospitality. It is hoped that a second Festival will be held in 1935. ERIC WALTER WHITE

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### " Cosi Fan Tutte " at Glyndebourne

This production excels even that of *Figaro* in Mr. John Christie's beautiful little theatre. The scenery and costumes by Hamish Wilson are perfectly delightful, and Carl Ebert's production has the same good taste as was shown in his *Figaro*. To allow this masterpiece to degenerate in the slightest degree towards farce is to ruin what is, in some respects, the most consummate creation of Mozart's genius ; for *Cosi Fan Tutte* is comedy carried to the *n*th degree into a world of absolute fantasy, but a fantasy which is a solid recreated reality. It is the distinctive merit of this production that it presents Mozart's opera as it is.

The cast is almost perfect. The two women, Fiordiligi (Ina Souez) and Dorabella (Luise Helletsgruber), could hardly have been improved upon. Their ensemble singing bore witness to the pains taken by the conductor, Fritz Busch, in rehearsing, as did the singing and the orchestral playing generally. A special word of praise must be given to the Despina of Irene Eisinger. The men were not quite on the same level, but this is almost being hypercritical, for the excellence of this production of *Cosi Fan Tutte* lies in its all-round quality, being as near perfection as we may expect to hear. Perhaps the chief praise is therefore due to Fritz Busch ; but the singers mostly added what must always remain to be added by the individual performers and Ina Souez in her two big arias rose to these great occasions with a dramatic fire and a superb vocalisation that must have rejoiced the heart of the conductor.

### Molière's "Le Misanthrope"

It was pleasant to see a much bigger audience at the Cambridge theatre to hear Albert-Lambert and his company in Molière's *Le Misanthrope*. This is generally considered to be the finest of Molière's comedies, although it has never been so popular as some of his other plays. On the other hand, it has worn extremely well and is as fresh and subtle as it was on the day it was written.

As Alceste M. Albert-Lambert gave a most distinguished performance, in which the intellectual refinement of his treatment of Molière's lines was a source of constant pleasure. How these French actors and actresses use their brains! There is nothing mechanical in their speaking but always an active mind present in every word they utter. This is what chiefly distinguishes them from English actors, who think that acting must always consist solely of "business," and if they have words without some theatrical "business" they are mostly quite at a loss. Equally delightful was the performance of Vere Korene as Celimene, and these two protagonists were worthily supported by their company and especially by the fine performance of Camille Corney as Oronte.

### "The Private Road"

The mistake of Mr. John Carlton in this quite amusing jest at the Comedy is that of failing at the outset to establish his characters as authentic. One does not quite believe in this lonely rich young bachelor who has abandoned a promising affaire at the dictates of a kind of amoral idealism which ceased to be a literary fashion a few years before he was born; and when he is supported by his old schoolmaster and companion, a connoisseur of living whose phrases are eighteenth century in form and late Roman Empire in content, one is entitled to expect fantasy. The fantastic element is not abandoned, but it is subordinated to a good deal of dodging in and out of a bedroom when the lady in question plants herself at the house as a motor-crash victim, with an incredibly obtuse swain who calls her "old girl" when he is particularly anxious to share her slumbers. The fantasy dwindles, flickering delightfully whenever John Tilley appears, legitimated to wondrous mellowness as the elderly pedagogue who could greet his Catullus on terms of friendly equality. Mr. Edwin Styles as the bachelor-ensnared plays with polished style, and Miss Dorothy Dickson is really brilliant in suggesting so much sincerity beneath her sparkle. Mr. Anthony Shaw achieves new cranial solidity as the unspeakable candidate for her affections.

### Podrecca's Original Piccoli

The marionettes have come to the Scala Theatre. Their performance is sheer delight, and consciences however tender can enjoy the thrills of the circus without a qualm. Evolutions on a Chinese ladder evoke no dread lest mishap befall, and if the Learned Donkey has to jump through a paper hoop we know our pleasure is his delight. Even in the Bull Fight, when a horse is disembowelled—a masterpiece of cameo realism this—we feel no indignation. For illusion is complete, and care has no place in a world where there dances a trio of fabulous birds of portentous mien, but naughty, flippant feet. Lest this prove too sweet a fare, a dash of vinegar is added. The convulsive mannerisms of operatic "stars," the hip-shaking of pseudo-Egyptian ballet, and the Sandowesque abandon of certain pianists, all are neatly hit off. Every movement catches the mood and manners of the century, so that Venetian romance or negro revue achieves equal authenticity. The wonder is that film directors ever let Signor Vittorio Podrecca escape, to present his "Impressions of Hollywood," for he would have been invaluable as adviser in period deportment to the new vandals of history.

### Ballet in Regent's Park

Handel and a pink May-tree shared the chief honours at Monday's revival of the fascinating art of open air ballet. The dancing was good, but with the exception of Robert Helpman's in *During the Ball* it ought to be much better; *Spectre de la Rose* was uninspired, and Galatea in the Handel ballet did not wholly overcome the superhuman difficulties of her period dress. Michael Martin-Harvey was excellent in the character parts—as the giant in *Acis and Galatea*, the dandy in *Party* 1860, and the comic aunt in *Capriol*—and his dresses for *During the Ball* demonstrated the excellence of pale colours defined with black against a dazzling natural background which moves when the wind stirs it. The black helps to give perspective to the dancing. The scarlet shepherdesses in *Acis and Galatea*, on the other hand, were horribly at odds with the hawthorn tree. Several birds—two prim otherworldly ducks, pigeons, and something absurdly like a heron—flew over the stage to look for quieter quarters in the Zoo, and others chimed up at intervals. Besides Handel, Constant Lambert interpreted Peter Warlock (in *Capriol*), the two Strausses, Weber and Glinka with complete success. Saint-Saëns's *Danse Macabre* was softened too much: death is personified in this music, not merely as disease but in his triumphant bone-clanking mood, and a sharper rendering would have given point to Michael Martin-Harvey's gestures—his struggle with the unseen antagonist, his capitulation and his final resurrection by the aid of the "light of reason" (this last, by the way, was not convincing!). The witches in this ballet should have had black, not carroty, hair. The flitting spirits, in grey rags with rust-coloured hoods, were sufficiently grisly. Altogether a lovely entertainment. The Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park is one of the best things that has happened to London for a long time.

### Central School of Arts and Crafts

The annual exhibition at the Central School in Southampton Row does great credit to all concerned in it. The standard of craftsmanship is high—even higher than last year; and there is evidence of a welcome open-mindedness on the part of the teachers, encouraging invention and personal taste. Here may be seen anything from a printing-trade apprentice's experiments in layout to a finely printed volume for the William Morris centenary; or from a rough sketch-design to an elaborately finished theatrical costume. Miss A. M. Booker's decorative *appliqué* panels, in various stuffs, are prominent again and as pleasing as before. Excellent craftsmanship is shown everywhere. We are always being reminded vaguely of the intimate connection that should exist between art and industry; of the difficulties of co-operation; of how unpractical the artist is when faced with a commercial job. This exhibition ought to be accepted as a practical contribution, the forerunner of many good bargains between the artist and the commercial firm. The Southern Railway might lead the way by exhibiting Miss D'Arcy Thompson's lively poster, "A Trip to the Sea," on all their more dingy platforms.

## THE COMING WEEK

THURSDAY, June 7th—
Chaliapine, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

FRIDAY, June 8th—
Cricket: England *v.* Australia (first Test Match), Nottingham.
"Queen of Scotland," New Theatre.

SATURDAY, June 9th—
F.P.S.I. Week-end Conference, Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City. Till June 11th.
Pageant of Runnymede, 2.30 and 7.30. Till June 16th.
Moiseiwitsch, Brahms Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
A Country Folk Dance Party for Children, Hyde Park, 3. Fo Adults at 7.

SUNDAY, June 10th—
One-day School arranged by the British Anti-War Movement. Speeches by John Strachey, A. L. Morton and others. Manx House, Clerkenwell Green, 10.30.
Prof. F. Aveling on "Pain," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, June 11th—
Prof. F. Clarke on "South Africa and Quebec; A Study in Cultural Adjustment," Institute of Education, Southampton Row, 5.30.
Ballet, Regent's Park, 8.30.
"Argentina," Aldwych Theatre, 8.45.

TUESDAY, June 12th—
Mock Trial on "Having Their Ears too Close to the Ground." Prosecutor: Sir William Beveridge. Defendants: Viscountess Astor, Mr. James Maxton and others. London School of Economics, 5.15.
Mr. J. R. Clynes and Mr. R. Sorensen on "Do We Want Wars?" Ladbroke Hall, Ladbroke Grove, 8.
"Masses and Men," Friends House, Euston Road, 8.
"La Cenerentola," Covent Garden, 8.
"Comus" and "The Comedy of Errors," Regent's Park.

WEDNESDAY, June 13th—
Meeting organised by the Committee against Malnutrition. Speeches by Dr. Stella Churchill, Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, and others, Lecture Room, 34 Red Lion Square, 8.
"Richard III," Christ Church, Oxford.
"Hello Again," Shaftesbury Theatre.

THURSDAY, June 14th—
Golf: Walker Cup. Great Britain *v.* U.S.A. St. Andrew's.
Kutcher String Quartet, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
"Meeting at Night," Globe Theatre.

# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. MITCHELL-HENRY is the pioneer of tunny fishing in British waters, and, though he is approaching his seventieth year, he regained the record last September for a fish caught with rod and line with a tunny weighing eight hundred and fifty-one pounds. But if he has caught many of these gigantic mackerel, the tunnies have had their revenge: they have hooked him through what Blake calls "the chief inlets of soul in our age," just as securely as he has ever hooked them. One has only got to look at the photographs in *Tunny Fishing* by L. Mitchell-Henry (Lovat Dickson, 21*s.*) of the author standing beside his record fish to see that strange drawing together of the hunter and his prey, and the force and vehemence with which this interesting book is written has something of the dash and endurance of the finest of what are called big-game fish. *Tunny Fishing* is a sporting book largely taken up with a discussion of rods and reels, and breathing slaughter upon other sportsmen, unworthy of the name, who catch their tunnies by methods and apparatus which the author abhors. Yet those who have only met the tunny in the form of oily flakes, the best feature of a tray of *hors d'oeuvres*, will find the history of the fish a fascinating one. From the earliest times it has been of great importance to Mediterranean peoples. There are numerous classical allusions to it and descriptions of tunny fishing, while there is a picture of cutting up a tunny on a Greek vase in Berlin. Since Roman, and probably since Neolithic, times, it has been caught in elaborate labyrinths of nets laid where a shoal of the huge fish is expected, into which they are driven and ending in a chamber with netting at the bottom, which is slowly drawn up. There the fish are butchered and the sea becomes red with carnage. Such complicated traps for fish are extremely ancient, and were made by many primitive peoples. The first pictures of the Virginian Indians (plates 6, 7 and 13, drawn by John White in 1586) show an ingenious form of such fish-weirs, which since then have been adopted by the white men and can be seen still in use as a feature of the landscape along the shores of Chesapeake Bay.

* * *

Tunnies are also commonly caught on hooks not only on the Italian, French, Spanish and African Mediterranean coasts, but also on the Atlantic coast of Spain and Portugal and in the Bay of Biscay. The fish follow trawlers and are particularly ready to snap up an injured herring or mackerel that has escaped from the nets. They are also caught with a bait imitating squid, while the fishermen in the Bay of Biscay use a bait made out of the flower of the maize. In spite of their tremendous size and fighting qualities, they are by no means difficult to catch. One of the simplest methods, which was suggested by Mr. Mitchell-Henry, for professional fishermen, is to attach an empty air-tight oil-drum or other big float to about two hundred yards of line and pitch it overboard. The fish then exhausts itself by dragging the buoy under water until it is so weak that the fishermen can haul it in.

> If, when fishing from a power-boat, a fish is hooked and makes its first run, and the motor boat follows it at speed, the fish will exert all its strength on this run, fearing, no doubt, that it is being chased by that terrible enemy, the orca, or killer-whale, which is a terror to all denizens of the deep, from the whale downwards. The fish will run till it has expended the last ounce of its strength, and the angler, who has lost but little line in the chase and undergone no strain whatever, will reach, practically immediately, the spot where the fish, if alive, will be found floating on its side or just below the surface, when the trace can then be seized and the fish drawn to the gaff.

Mr. Mitchell-Henry regards such practices as unsporting, and complains that sea-anglers in 1933 were guilty of putting out float lines from yachts, of chasing tunnies in motor boats, and of striking late so that the tunny should swallow the hook, or of fastening the line round a bollard and letting the tunny tow the boat. For such methods no words of his are strong enough, and his savage scorn is particularly directed against the American writer Zane Grey, whose lurid descriptions of his achievements he discusses in an appendix with devastating effect. According to Mr. Mitchell-Henry the sportsman must catch his fish with a rod and line from a row-boat, and must take the terrific strain of the fish with his own muscles. He must bring it to the side of the boat without assistance from his boatman, who is only to be allowed to gaff the fish. He contends that the butt of the rod should be attached to the floor of the boat, as otherwise, if the reel jambs, the angler will be instantly pulled into the sea and drowned.

* * *

The bitter controversy which he engages upon here may be left to the sportsmen. Far more interesting than these problems of angling etiquette are the mysteries which involve the tunny itself. For example, it has been credited with having warm blood, and it appears that its violent exertions in trying to escape and its large size do raise its temperature. An example is quoted as being 3.5 deg. Centigrade higher than the surrounding water. But most of the problems concern its distribution. While the fish have always been known in the Mediterranean, their regular presence in the North Sea was hardly realised until Mr. Mitchell-Henry caught the first one in August, 1930. Fishermen had, of course, continually seen tunnies, but they thought that they were sharks. In the North Sea they are mostly fairly large fish: small tunnies are commoner in the Mediterranean. But so little is known that practical fishermen cannot even tell the sexes apart, and the spawning beds have never been discovered. Almost the latest information on this subject appears to be that of Oppian, who writing A.D. 200 reproves the tunny for devouring its own eggs. Mr. Mitchell-Henry tells us that

> Fernand de Buen, in an interesting work published in 1929 arrives at this important conclusion: "The adult tunny which inhabits the Western basin of the Mediterranean is completely independent of the tunny of the neighbouring parts of the Atlantic. The distribution of the temperature is an obstacle: the straits of Gibraltar, with its colder waters, is the boundary oceanographically, and for the tunny biologically, between the two basins."

* * *

Professor Massimo Sella, however, has clearly disproved the absolute truth of these statements by an investigation into the different types of hooks found in the stomachs of tunnies, which has served as a less elaborate form of the marking scheme he would like to introduce. While a fish which breaks away with the North Sea sportsman's huge hook, attached to a stainless steel wire trace twenty yards long, has no chance of survival, the smaller hooks employed by French, Spanish and Mediterranean fishermen seem to become enclosed in hardened mucus and do the fish no harm. And in each district the local blacksmiths make hooks of their own traditional pattern. By studying these, Professor Sella has proved that tunnies do pass through the Straits of Gibraltar, since no fewer than nineteen hooks from the Atlantic littoral have been recovered from fish caught in the Mediterranean. The most interesting examples of these are two hooks recovered in Sardinia and in Sicily which still bore fastened to them fibres of the maize-flower bait which is used only in the gulf of Gascony by the Spanish and French fishermen round Santander and San Sebastian. Mr. Mitchell-Henry publishes in an appendix Professor Sella's appeal, addressed especially to American fishermen, to collect all the hooks they find in their fish, as he inclines to believe that the large tunny is an international wanderer. But though Professor Sella furnishes the most interesting part of the book, Mr. Mitchell-Henry has, by his enthusiasm, introduced the tunny to English professional fishermen, and has got a market for fresh tunny and has persuaded a firm of canners to devote their attention to the fish. And people who wish to wrestle single-handed for hours on end with a fish the size of an ox, from a small row-boat in a choppy sea, will be very thankful for the Mitchell-Henry reel.

DAVID GARNETT

## MESMERISM

**Mesmer.** By MARGARET GOLDSMITH. *Barker.* 10s.

If there is one thing more dangerous to a man's reputation than making a discovery ahead of official time it is that he should make a success of it. Mesmer was guilty of both misdemeanours. Authority has nothing but contempt for the fool who stumbles on one of Nature's master-clues and dies in penury. It has something very much worse for him who refuses to be starved out, but instead cashes out his find. Mesmer won notoriety for the second reason rather than for the first. He was one of a long line of psycho-therapeutists who refused to separate body and mind in their medical practice. He stood out because in his lifetime he succeeded in dividing into factions the two greatest courts in Europe and the whole medical and educated opinion of the polite world. Yet something else is needed to explain the interest which to-day is being taken in this uncommonly sane man, who in spite of all the efforts of a medical profession which was determined to transform him into a charlatan and a public which, tired of "one-eyed reason," wanted to make him a prophet, remained to the end a researcher, patient and level-headed.

The volume of work on Mesmer is great and has been added to greatly in the last few years. Miss Goldsmith's book is made more valuable by a representative bibliography at the end. It is worth inquiring: What is behind that interest? It is certainly not just the human interest of his story—that Mesmer was a noble benefactor of the human race badly treated by authority. Quite apart from the fact that Mesmer was neither heroic nor inspired—a man who could make a good match and charge fees which soon brought him a second fortune—his whole character, stolid, sensible, kindly, slow, does not make an exciting portrait. He really had no history beyond the gradual working out and professionalising of his idea. Poor Paracelsus supplies better copy for the dramatic biographer. The beam of interest which to-day falls on Mesmer is not due to the man but to his situation and his particular reaction to that situation. He interests us to-day because many are in the curious position in which he found himself, and his way out of the difficulty seems a practical one. Mesmer stumbled on the subconscious mind. Such a notion was wholly unacceptable to the enlightened eighteenth century. Other immaterial notions were, however, in the air: notions which were acceptable because they would lend no support to anthropomorphic ideas, but favoured a mechanistic outlook. There was electricity, the "mysterious fluid." There was the work of Paracelsus with the magnet. There was astrology—favoured, we must remember, by many physicians because it brought in mechanic law and banished diabolic and divine caprice from the treatment of disease. Mesmer offered a bridge between his discovery and these other invisible physical forces. He would save this new knowledge from being used as a support for the revival of religious superstition.

Like most people who take a middle path, he was attacked from both sides. His position was difficult. As he remarked when he was dealing with the phenomena of sleep, somnambulism, etc., he did not publish his views here, where he would have made real progress in his research, "because of the prevailing spirit of religion." Caught between an orthodox anthropomorphic religion and a materialistic medicine, he had little ground to manoeuvre. If he tried to make concessions to the one he was attacked for trespass by the other. And what was worse, because he did not publish and was always concerned with immediate practice, he himself did not think out the meaning of his finds.

In consequence, as his biographers recognise to-day, he not only failed to make a concordat between materialists and immaterialists—he himself never understood the full immateriality of his find. He thought he was dealing with an unknown sort of electricity—animal magnetism—and he was really dealing with an unknown sort of mind—the subconscious. The too easy conclusion is that now, thanks to Freud, we know all about it. There is a subconscious which makes us, when we cross it, ill with functional diseases. They can be relieved by suggestion and cured by analysis—by memories being raised to full consciousness. The patient cures himself through the analyst's assistance. Organic disease cannot be so cured. Once again we seem back among things which, if not obviously material, all work according to simple mechanic laws. Yet this is a delusion. Groddeck's work alone shows that Mesmer's strange genius is not to be neatly rebottled by the second great Viennese Therapy. Then take the magnet. Miss Goldsmith seems to think he was quite mistaken in thinking it had any use, but, apart from Charcot's rather pointless experiments which she mentions, there is Iredell's work to-day, work done not on functional disorders but on inoperable cancers. Take such remarks as, "He always overlooked the essential cause of his success," pure suggestion, and that he was "increasingly mystical" when he claimed, what later experiments have given further grounds for believing, that in hypnosis some patients can forecast. Such phrases suggest that Mesmer's discoveries can now all be accounted for in terms of a psychology which still refers all its finds to the space-time continuum experienced by the conscious mind. There are also a few small statements which seem to need correction, such as that Jesus of Nazareth was aware of the cures wrought by the Emperor Hadrian, and that the King's Evil, scrofula, and in nearly all cases supposed to be tuberculosis of the lymphatics of the skin, was tuberculosis of the throat. No doubt, in some cases, it spread to that site also, but Dr. Johnson's voice was certainly not impaired. These, however, are small items. What awakes a more serious misgiving is the feeling that because this book is so informed, balanced, pleasant to read and modern it will confirm the ordinary reader in the comfortable but mistaken belief that an awkward opening—insecurely closed by the nineteenth century—has at last by our generation been effectively sealed up. That is not so. Never has the door swung so widely open, and when trap-doors are unlatched it is an ill service to public safety to say that they have been made fast. In spite of her concluding paragraph, Miss Goldsmith's book does give an impression that we know the mind. Superstition will always be taking reason in the rear until reason realises that unwelcome fact, that the more we explore the deeper grows the abyss.

GERALD HEARD

## NEW NOVELS

**The Body's Rapture.** By JULES ROMAINS. Translated by JOHN RODKER. *Boriswood.* 8s. 6d.

**The Postman Always Rings Twice.** By JAMES M. CAIN. *Cape.* 5s.

**Defy the Foul Fiend.** By JOHN COLLIER. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

**The Ginger Griffin.** By ANN BRIDGE. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

Sex should be anything but solemn. That, at least, is my own tentative and somewhat reluctant conclusion after reading, with difficulty and almost continuous annoyance, M. Jules Romains's *Dieu des Corps*, recently translated into English by Mr. John Rodker. The French novel has often been discussed in the same paragraph as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. To one critic I am indebted for the statement that M. Romains's "subtlety and fineness of perception," when engaged in the awkward task of "linking spirit to flesh," shames "the despairing eroticism" of D. H. Lawrence. Certain it is that M. Romains, being a pillar of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, employs a moderate and comparatively unemphatic method of unfolding his story that Lawrence, zealous and irascible, never attempted. No, *The Body's Rapture*—to give the book its English title—is a glorification of the possibilities of physical love, delivered in the dulcet periods of a fashionable philosopher; while *Lady Chatterley* is a revivalist sermon at a witches' sabbath. Yet the two books display a curious resemblance; as a work of literature, each of them is immoderately dull.

Sex is more palatable if diluted. Indecency, frivolity, romantic sentiment—and all the other concomitants of sexual feeling in literature reprehended by the stern moralist who sent poor Lady Chatterley in search of an ithiphallic abstraction—are perhaps necessary and excusable defences against the extreme boredom that would result from an unrelieved and single-minded contemplation of the sexual act, were the act itself not a focus of emotional, moral and intellectual disturbance. One may admit that the degree of physical satisfaction obtained by its partners is probably the most important factor in any sexual relationship; yet the novelist who does his best to delve down towards underlying "physical realities" makes the attempt at great danger to his sense of style. "Phallic tenderness," as Lawrence called it, is usually mawkish; sentimentality threatens to engulf the unwary excavator. And a sentimental narrative without its clothes is just as tedious as the same story in flannel petticoats.

True, *The Body's Rapture* might be less exasperating if it were not so long. In *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté*, M. Romains shows himself a remarkably accomplished and dexterous story-teller who moves, by a series of rapid transitions, through a large number of contemporary but contrasted episodes. His erotic novel is turgid and unbalanced. *Lucienne's Story*, a young woman's

account of how she comes to meet her future husband at the house of a family of provincial bourgeois to whom she is giving piano-lessons, fills a hundred-and-seventy closely printed pages—pages of laborious self-analysis and of the meticulous examination of small events. Then Pierre Febvre himself takes up the tale, and we are treated to a luscious and rather embarrassing narrative of the "treaclemoon," its ecstasies and ardours; till Pierre, who earns his living on a transatlantic liner, is obliged to leave for New York, and we learn, in the third section, *Love's Questing*, of the strange experiment by which their spiritual union is justified, an experiment that transcends the boundaries of time and space. *Le Dieu des Corps* is the triumphant paean of a happy marriage, and, like most hymns, sadly monotonous and lacking in humour.

Sentimentality and the assumption of "toughness" are old friends. The "tough guy" is never tough all through; behind his truculent and impassive facade lurks a devotional respect for the white-haired mother whom he supports on the profits of "slugging" and kidnapping, or a passion for the music of Puccini. Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven and the realms of gangsterdom . . . Mr. James M. Cain, one of the toughest American novelists who has ever impressed English book-critics by writing prose as if he were talking—round the chewed stump of a formidable cigar—from the furthest corner of a grimly contracted mouth, has produced, in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, an uncommonly tough and gangsterish novel, the story of a "hobo" who drifts to a wayside lunch-room and filling station, has a love affair with his employer's wife, makes two attempts to murder him and is finally sentenced to death for a murder that he did not commit. Mr. Cain uses his style as if it were a machine-gun; he is brutal, curt, staccato. Unfortunately, he is also inclined to sentiment, and the treacherous and illiterate Frank and his equally treacherous and illiterate mistress, Cora Papadakis, during the intervals of plotting her husband's destruction and exchanging savage surreptitious kisses—which frequently draw blood—address one another in a jargon which suggests that the restaurant and filling station must have included a small circulating library in the back-parlour:

> To-morrow night, if I come back, there'll be kisses. Lovely ones, Frank. Not drunken kisses. Kisses with dreams in them. Kisses that come from life, not death.

The weakness of all professional literary "tough guys" are the soft spots among the crevices of their armour-plating.

Mr. Collier is neither a realist nor a sentimentalist. *Defy the Foul Fiend* is an amusing, good-humoured, agreeably cynical book which deals with the adventures of Willoughby Corbo, the bastard son of an impoverished modern nobleman, who has been brought up by a parsimonious and neglectful relative. He enters the world as private secretary to Lord Stumber:

> Lord Stumber wished Willoughby to take over as much of his work as possible: he never did anything but feel bothered, and now Willoughby felt bothered instead. As for the patter, Willoughby read more and worse novels to get the tone, and the tone he got from them would have suited a Cabinet Minister, to say nothing of Lord Stumber, for popular minds think alike. It must be admitted our hero spoke from hand to mouth as it were, sometimes opening a drawer to peep at the appropriate page. In doing this he was as bold and lucky as a drunken chauffeur, but the intoxicant in his case was love.

In fact, he was enamoured of Lady Stumber; this lady, an astute, Junonian beauty costs the childish and trustful Willoughby his job, and his next adventures are among the woods and hills of Gloucestershire, where he finds his uncle, a charming gruff old recluse, living in Merovingian retirement on the run-down family estate. *Defy the Foul Fiend* is a smooth and vivacious novel. Indeed, the only objection to Mr. Collier's story is a slightly titupping elegance of style that lends the whole book a somewhat mannered and self-conscious atmosphere. There is too much "old oak" about the narrative; still, it is good value for the reader's seven-and-sixpence.

Nor does Miss Bridge fail her public. *The Ginger Griffin* will delight those readers who enjoyed *Peking Picnic*, for her new novel is compounded according to the same agreeable recipe—vivid travel-pictures, interspersed with entertaining, faintly satirical, glimpses of European diplomatic life, all assembled on a thread of personal drama. Miss Bridge writes with feeling of the Chinese landscape; she admires the pallid tawny vacancy of the flat country around Peking:

> This was China! She saw a flat landscape, mud-coloured and absolutely bare except for innumerable small round mounds, anything from three to ten feet high, scattered through the fields, as though a whole army of giant moles had been at work. These, she learned from Nugent . . . were graves. The soil was dry, with a dusty bonelike dryness such as she had never seen. At intervals they passed villages, groups of one-storey houses built of, and plastered with, mud, with thatched roofs—they were as brown as the soil they stood on. Groups of little spindly orchard trees made a pattern on the skyline from time to time, like blue and biscuit-coloured lace; and the shadows between the houses were blue. It had a certain beauty in spite of its dreariness, this immense expanse of landscape in two colours only, pale brown and pale blue, with its extreme simplicity of design . . .

But her attempts at human portraiture are less successful. Her personages seem fragmentary and insignificant beside the enormous and unchanging background against which they are placed.

PETER QUENNELL

## A VICE-CHANCELLOR

**An Oxonian Looks Back.** By LEWIS R. FARNELL, D.Litt., *Hopkinson*. 16*s*.

Dr. Farnell's autobiography is a remarkable book. The career which is its subject-matter was on the face of it unexciting. Born and bred in London in a family of large numbers but small means, he passed through the normal phases of education with distinction and became tutor of Exeter College, sub-rector, proctor, finally rector, of Exeter and in due rotation Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University. In the vacations he travelled abroad for pleasure and for purposes of scholarship. Yet into the chronicle of these events he infuses a sense of adventure, thrill, and the tense excitement of living that are quite enthralling.

Somehow he captured the secret of happiness. He looked upon life in its various parts and aspects, and found it good in the highest degree. His astonishing ardour, enthusiasm and *joie-de-vivre* are described with a simple frankness that carries conviction. No incident was too trivial to be rich in significance. He presents a fascinating spectacle of complete adjustment to environment.

One is driven to inquire how it was achieved. Did he have some inner vision? It does not appear so. His view of life was on the whole conventional, and he had an intelligent and at times an independent judgment, but not a highly penetrating one. Much may be attributed to sheer physical well-being. Though not a distinguished athlete, he had a passion for physical exercise, especially in adverse circumstances, when battling against the forces of nature. Much of his book is devoted to his exploits on German rivers and on the floods of Oxford and to his adventures with gipsies or Sicilian robbers, which he had a genius for precipitating. They are all told with a winning gusto. At the end of one he writes characteristically, "it is always an interesting experience, especially when one is young and strong, and in hot blood, to come near to death; and I think I was never nearer than then."

His devotion to these pursuits did not blind him to the folly of the athletic cult, of which he writes with reprobation. "The first symptom of mania was the taking over of games by the clergy as a proper theme for the pulpit. . . . Our vigorous sub-rector, an excellent disciplinarian, and a healthy-minded Moderate churchman, who lectured ineffectually on Aristotle's ethics and whose later election to the Regius Professorship of Divinity was one of Disraeli's partisan appointments, preached a sermon in our Chapel on the ill-success of the Eight; he intimated that it was displeasing to God."

Farnell certainly tasted to the full the delights of physical exertion. His intellectual avocations were pursued with the same furious zest. We find him "working all day with great ardour at the sculptures." The same pride is taken in the prostration that sometimes ensued. The result was an amount of publication unusual for an Oxford don. But it is not so clear that in matters outside the physical sphere he captured the inner spirit of the votary. He is apt to lapse into banal phrases, "high literature," "precious friendships." His sincerity is not open to question, but the reader is left doubtful whether he always understood the true quality of the things he praises. His own personality contributed so much to any undertaking that he never had to hesitate with pious expectancy on the threshold of discovery; he satisfied himself, perhaps too easily, he never had to lose his soul that he might save it.

This headlong self-confidence may have contributed to the troubles which beset him when he became Vice-Chancellor. He thought that the University needed more discipline, and he felt

Napoleonic intimations within his own breast. The main cause, however, is probably to be found elsewhere. The greater part of his narrative is concerned with the nineteenth century. This may be taken to represent the intensity of his own experience. His qualities are those particularly associated with youthful high spirits. He remained young to the end. But the qualities of youth cannot remain in full force. The light faded. He seems to have lost contact with the world around him. For instance, he comments on "the singular fact that the art of conversation seems to have become extinct in the twentieth century." As Vice-Chancellor, his touch was unsure, and he gained for himself and the University some foolish publicity. He met with rebuffs; and he was deeply hurt. He writes of the episodes and of his own chagrin with a dignity that commands our sympathy.

His interest in University politics was not confined to disciplinary matters or to his period of Vice-Chancellorship. And in the history of Oxford his other activities are of greater importance. In University policy he was on the side of light. He was a friend of science, he placed the claims of the University before those of the colleges, and the claims of learning and the advancement of knowledge before those of teaching. He belonged to the school of thought of Mark Pattison, Pelham and Bywaters. Of Jowett, on the contrary, he writes, "literature owes much to Jowett, but he somewhat harmed the soul of Oxford, so far as his influence extended beyond Balliol; for it tended to sanctify prize-winning, place-hunting and our examination system, to which a too narrow classical tradition was attached." The findings of the Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge represented, in part at least, a triumph of Farnell's views. But another commission was appointed to give effect to them in Oxford, and at their hands the reformers were doomed to disappointment. Of this he writes with much point and truth.

"Though it was impossible altogether to evade the first commissioners' findings, it was not so difficult to nullify them by amendments or appended clauses. This has happened most markedly in respect to their proposal concerning university lecturers and the allocation of fellowships to them. As originally intended, it was a far-reaching change which would much have increased the power of the University Boards of Faculties; as interpreted and manipulated it has left matters very much as they were; and the college teachers, wholly appointed by the college, become almost automatically university lecturers."

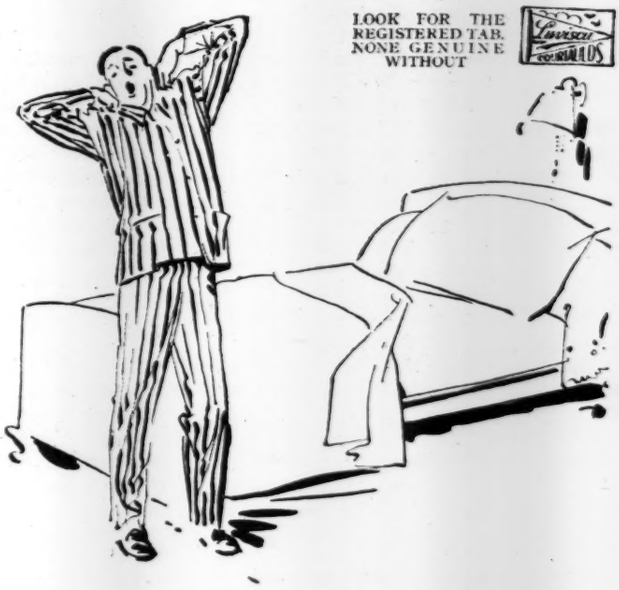
To this must be added the point that the commissioners' legislation has left the faculties with quite inadequate financial control. The question is still a live one. And Farnell's good sense and driving force might be of no little value, were he with us to-day and in the vigour of his youth. R. F. HARROD

## SHAW STORIES

**Short Stories, Scraps and Shavings.** By BERNARD SHAW. (Wood Engravings by JOHN FARLEIGH.) *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

All Shaviolaters, among whom I number myself, will wish to possess this latest volume of scraps; but I would not have it read by the mocker or the sceptic. For Shaw has practised what he preaches by progressively getting better both as a writer and as a thinker as he has grown older, and I would defy anybody on the basis of internal evidence alone to detect in some of the earlier pieces in this book, which date back to the 'eighties and 'nineties, the master hand which wrote *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God*, with which it ends and culminates. Many of these earlier pieces might, indeed, have been written by anybody; as, for example, "The Miraculous Revenge," which records the removal of a cemetery by its Catholic occupants, as a protest against the burial of a loose-living Protestant.

Shaw frankly acknowledges some of these pieces as padding: "They have just turned up in the course of a hunt for matter wherewith to complete a collected edition of my works"; while the most amusing of the lot, a Conversation entitled "A Glimpse of the Domesticity of Franklyn Barnabas," was believed by its author, "at a loss for padding for this particular volume of scraps of fiction," to have "perished in the waste-paper basket which has swallowed many discarded pages of my works." The Conversation was worth preserving, if for no other reason, because of an immortal caricature of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, "Immenso Champernoon, a man of colossal mould, with the head of a cherub on the body of a Falstaff," who, sent as an emissary by his sister Clara to make an accommodation with her husband, Franklyn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Barnabas, from whom she has run away, proceeds to discourse at loose and at large about the cosmos.

The argumentative inconsequence and verbal dexterity with which Immenso supports the eternal verities, God, the peasant, and the Church, and re-establishes the fundamental moralities, marriage, the hearth and the home, I had always regarded as strictly inimitable until Shaw succeeded in making them ridiculous with a parody which is also a perfect imitation. The married enjoy "not a changeable address, but one hearthstone rooted in the solid earth of the motherland as a rock of ages; one certainty among all the uncertainties; one star among all the planets and meteors; one unshakable and unchangeable thing that is and was and ever shall be. You must have a root; and this matter of the root is also the root of the matter."

FRANKLYN: "Marriage is not one of the certainties. . . . Everything passes away; everything gets broken; we get tired of everything. Including marriages."

IMMENSO: "No. Nothing can pass unless it passes something. A bus passes Piccadilly Circus, but Piccadilly Circus remains."

Is not that the perfectly authentic note? And when Conrad Barnabas breaks out in exasperation at Immenso with, "It's a pathological case. There is a disease called echolalia. It sets stupid people gabbling rhymes: that is, words that echo each other. Immenso, here, being a clever chap, gabbles ideas that echo. He's by way of being a pundit, and is really only a punster," one is tempted to ask, Is not that the perfectly authentic criticism? The whole of this discarded Conversation is delicious. Here, in fact, is Shaw apparently consigning to the waste-paper basket a trifle which in point of vivacity, alertness, exuberance of ideas, wittiness of dialogue and sheer entertainment value puts most of his successors completely in the shade.

For the rest, the chief interest of the present volume consists in the opportunities it gives for detecting the embryos of ideas which were later to blossom into the full-blown Shavian philosophy.

The process of "debunking" is well under way from the start. In 1888, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Shaw is "debunking" the joys of the countryside. In "Cannon Fodder," written for the *Clarion* in 1902, he is already "debunking" the glamour of the Army. He is watching a British regiment on its way to South Africa—"they impress me unspeakably; for I have never seen a whole regiment of men intensely unhappy. They do not speak: they do not move." Later in a railway carriage the soldiers get drunk, bawl songs out of tune, make obscene jokes. . . . One of them—he must have been very drunk—actually puts his arms round Shaw's neck. Why? "(1) He wants to forget about his wife, from whom he has parted at Waterloo Station, without a notion of how she is going to live until his return (should he ever return); and (2) he wants to prevent himself from crying."

"The Emperor and the Little Girl," written for a Belgian war charity in 1916, which "debunks" Emperors, is a masterpiece. In "Don Giovanni Explains" (1887), Shaw is engaged in "debunking" the gospel of "the good time." As Don Juan descants on the boredom of seduction, the disillusion of debauchery and the joys of high thinking, we seem to be back in hell listening to the Don Juan of twenty years later lecturing Anna, the Devil and the Statue. "A Dressing Room Secret," which originally appeared in the programme for the first performance of *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, one of the liveliest pieces in the book, "debunks" Shakespearean idolatry by making Shakespeare confess through the mouth of his talking bust that he has failed to give Iago any character at all; that he has outraged his and everybody else's knowledge of human nature by allowing Desdemona, who should have been a "super-subtle and utterly corrupt Venetian lady," to turn innocent and amiable on his hands, and has first spoilt *Henry V* by letting Falstaff run away with the play and the plot and then in a fit of puritanical disgust for his own creation spoilt Falstaff by prematurely killing him off. This entertaining trifle introduces us to another well-known Shavian concept, the concept of the genius who is, nevertheless, a perfectly ordinary man in respect of nine-tenths of himself. We are invited to pity the predicament of Shakespeare who, "born about ten times as clever as anyone else," finds his natural and ordinary desire to like and to be liked by his fellows baffled by his intellectual contempt for their follies and illusions.

I have no space here in which to comment upon the celebrated *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God*. It is so good that it leaves me once again at a loss to understand why it is that Shaw does not make as many converts to his philosophy as he does to his Fabian Socialism. Yet Creative Evolution has been a damp squib. Ignored by professional philosophers, it has failed equally to attract the layman. The reason is, I suspect, that it provides no point or end to the purposeful cosmic process it asserts. We are asked to assist in the adventure of life, but to what end? That life in and through our efforts may rise in us to ever higher levels of consciousness. But why achieve more intense consciousness, unless there is something of surpassing value and excellence to be *conscious of*? Yet there are no values in Shaw's scheme save such as life itself evolves in the process of its own development. Now, for most of us, this is not enough. Most of us want our values, while the few who can dispense with them altogether are naturally impatient with Shaw's occasional lapses into mysticism, and demand a universe at once more scientific and more hard-boiled. Thus the Shavian philosophy falls between two stools. It admits neither God nor the machine. C. E. M. JOAD

# A VICTORIAN QUAKER

**A Quaker Journal.** By WILLIAM LUCAS OF HITCHIN. (Vol. II. 1843–1861.) *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

The first volume of the journal of William Lucas, the Quaker brewer, so delightful and refreshing in the picture it gave us not only of Lucas's own life and of early Victorian country life in particular but of Victorian times in general, is now followed by a second, which goes straight on from the point at which the first broke off, that is from 1843 to within a fortnight of Lucas's death, towards the end of January in 1861. Lucas was then only fifty-seven. For almost a year before the end the diary grows thinner and thinner. The entries are confined to a sentence or two, and Lucas is a good deal preoccupied with the weather, which that year, even in the summer, was atrocious. "The weather continues cold and stormy. I have been a prisoner in the house for several days with a severe cold," he writes. And then again: "A very wet day. We have now had twenty-eight days rain in rather more than a month." And still later: "We have had a fortnight of unsettled weather in which no corn has been carried." There is a curious sense of foreboding and melancholy about it all. "To-day my brothers and sisters dined with us. It is a long time since we all met and very probably we may never meet again."

The earlier entries are fuller; the entries varying in fact according to the richness and fullness of Lucas's life. Thus, during the whole of August, 1854, there is scarcely an entry, but the omission is rich in significance, for Lucas begins again with, "We have this day finished the finest harvest I ever remember." He goes on from the harvest to the cholera, "which is declining in London," and from cholera to the news of the Crimea and some comment on it. He asks the eternal questions: "What are we fighting for? When will it end?" and records the burning of an effigy of John Bright, who condemned the war. There is a clear, but not violent, indication of his sympathies. "Too late, I fear, we shall all acknowledge the impolicy of these foreign alliances which oblige England to fight in any quarrel." He goes on from the war to the great frost of 1855: "The Thames has been for some time frozen over, and all navigation stopped." And from frost and war to more personal things: "This week I am compelled to dismiss our old gardener, Abbis, for his inveterate tendency to muddle himself with drink."

There is not much difference in this volume from the tone and temper and charm of the first. If there is nothing quite so vivid in it as the reminiscences of childhood and youth with which the first began, there is no falling off in the richness and variety of comment, the catholic breadth of taste, the soundness of the criticisms of life and politics and art and literature, the delight in the countryside, and in the coming and going of birds especially. He travels as much, perhaps more, for the railway has replaced the coach. He goes one year to France and to Paris, another to Scotland. At home he still attends the Quarterly meetings, a cricket match, the Royal Academy, a flower-show. His interest in these things does not lessen. Of other events and institutions he is less tolerant. He is a shrewder critic of literature. "Finished Macaulay's two volumes of History . . . a sour, detractory man, and a vehement partisan," and an even shrewder one of politicians. He is as faithful as ever to his religion, though as the Temperance campaigns increase he has less faith in his profession. "Makes one at times wish to be in some less objectionable line of trade." And perhaps, if anything, he has less faith in himself:

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a wavering faith, an irritable temper, a loss of energy, a want of power . . . Alas! Alas! Sometimes there is nothing but gloom over the mind for days together. Oh! Lord, I earnestly beseech Thee through Thy grace in Christ Jesus, Our Lord, grant me this year a firmer faith, a filial tear, a trembling hope, a clearer light.

Those who discovered and edited the diary have done a service to literature. Few commentaries on a particular period and on life in general are as charming and rich as these two volumes, very few pencil sketches are as good as Samuel Lucas's, which adorn this second volume as they did the first, and still fewer men are as good as Lucas himself. The last words of his diary, written of someone else, "He was a general favourite and his death causes a blank in our circle which will never be filled up," seem extraordinarily appropriate to himself, too.

H. E. BATES

## BEFORE DEMOCRACY

**Democracy.** By J. A. HOBSON. Twentieth Century Library. *Lane.* 2s. 6d.

Prophesying the approaching end of existing institutions, Mr. H. G. Wells wrote a book entitled *After Democracy*. Mr. Hobson's book dealing with the same problems might well be called *Before Democracy*. For it is of the essence of his analysis that the common-sense and co-operative capacities of ordinary men and women have not as yet been given a chance: we have had the formalities of representative government within the framework of economic and cultural institutions which have assured the dominance of one class. Therefore his study of democracy, admirably and persuasively written, takes him far beyond the study of these formal institutions and of the ideas of their founders. He is driven inevitably into a discussion of the economic foundations of present society, concluding that individual liberty cannot be a reality without substantial equality and that economic equality is impossible without a planned Socialist economy. He discusses the necessary restraints of planning, and finds in them a release, not a subjugation, of the individual, provided that a central geographically elected Parliament decides ultimate policy and preserves freedom of individual discussion. The Russian model is not Mr. Hobson's. As for Fascist dictatorships, he blows up their pretence of obtaining national unity, and argues that they are condemned to collapse by the nature of their economic objective. Theoretically there are two ways in which for a short period they might succeed. They can live if they can find new markets for the surplus products they cannot dispose of at home and if they do not fight in seeking them. Actually, since capitalist dictatorships do not co-operate, "the struggle for markets conducted by businesses whose control of governments is expressed in 'national planning' must more and more assume a political character, involving diplomacy, armament and the menace of war." The alternative method would be the perpetual retention of the home market by a high wage policy at the expense of profits. Mr. Hobson argues convincingly that this conception is so antipathetic to the whole psychology and basis of capitalism that it must be regarded as only a theoretical possibility. When he comes to the future Mr. Hobson shows himself an unrepentent democrat. He is anxious to remodel existing institutions, and has much that is wise to say about suggested reforms. The final test of the democrat is whether or not he believes that men have within them the capacities for co-operation and for wisdom and for reasonable conduct. Mr. Hobson, who believes in their fundamental "common sense," is confident that the solution lies in the reform of education and of Parliamentary institutions. He still hopes for a world in which national States, retaining their individuality and providing within their borders the substance of liberty and equality, may learn to make use of the opportunities science now offers of world co-operation.

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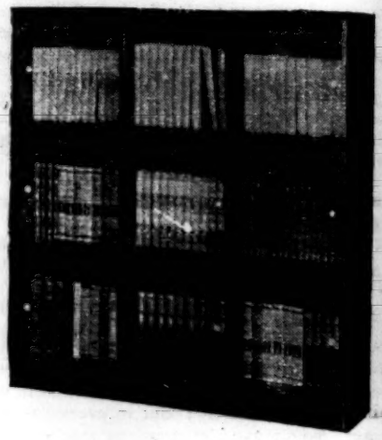

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**Mastering the Crisis.** By PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

**The Breakdown of Money.** By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. *Sheed and Ward.* 4s. 6d.

Facilis descensus Averni. Professor Irving Fisher, from the academic heights of his earlier works, has descended through all the grades of popularisation to reach, in his latest book, the lower ranges of journalism. It is not bad journalism; the story of the evils of currency fluctuation is retold with all the punch and zip of a skilful newspaper leader preaching for the hundredth time the doctrine of Splendid Isolation, the Taxation of Land Values, a Strong Hand in India, or what you will. By way of new matter, we have a description of the emergency measures with which President Roosevelt ushered in the New Deal, a sketchy history of the theory of monetary stabilisation, and an account of "Stamp Scrip," the emergency currency advocated some twenty years ago by Silvio Gesell and since sporadically adopted in various European and American municipalities. This scrip—which, to retain even its limited local validity, has to be stamped every week with stamps paid for in legal tender currency, till at the end of the year it is entirely redeemed—is not recommended here as a permanent substitute for the unreliable dollar or gold-backed currency, but only, in Professor Irving Fisher's words, as priming for the economic pump. As such, it replaces barter, substitutes the effective stimulus of the weekly tax for the ordinary routine which in normal times maintains the velocity of circulation, and supplements, rather than supplants, legal tender. On a large scale, however, there is no reason to believe that stamp scrip would be freer than any other paper currency from the dangers of inflation, accentuated by that very necessity for rapid circulation which is its virtue in a slump.

Mr. Christopher Hollis is more drastic, in his recommendations as in his polemics. His historical explanation of the Breakdown of Money follows somewhat the lines of Mr. Newbold's *Democracy, Debts and Disarmament* in its emphasis on the role of the money power in shaping world history; but he spices a comparatively sane account with some wild economics and wilder social theory. The muddle-headedness which must have gone to produce Mr. Hollis's particular brand of economic nationalism—according to his analysis every nation suffers by foreign trade—is almost beyond belief. He recommends, as a curb on the power of the Banks, the appropriation by the Crown of all deposits in excess of actual cash; in short, of all "bank money." All profits from the pyramiding of bank loans should go to the Government. Who is to do the lending under this dispensation, and how the dual administration involved is to be worked (for Mr. Hollis does not advocate forthright nationalisation of the banking system) is not explained. HONOR CROOME

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Pirate Junk: Five Months' Captivity with Manchurian Bandits.** By CLIFFORD JOHNSON. With an Introduction by PETER FLEMING, and a Prefatory Note by A. D. BLUE. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Chinese banditry would seem to retain something of its comic-opera aspect even for its victims. The gentlemen, at least of the rank and file, preserved a rather rough geniality even when suggesting the cutting off of ears or heads, while one of the leaders was a policeman on holiday, and Mr. Johnson himself collapsed with laughter when he saw another, dignified upon the junk poop, clad in Mr. Johnson's own dinner-jacket with waistcoat but no shirt, black tie round his neck, and on his head a black trilby cocked at an angle. But this story, a little amplified from the original diary kept day by day under great difficulties, makes it plain that even for prisoners so relatively well treated as Mr. Johnson and his two fellow-officers, Mr. Blue and Mr. Hargrave, kidnapped from a steamer in March last year, and not released until September, the experience was no easy one. There were two attempts to escape, both ignominious failures. For the rest, the chief troubles were dirt, lice, flies, boredom, and the sheer tension of waiting. "There's nothing to do in this bloody junk except wear out the seat of your pants." Something of that tension appears in the absurd quarrels between the three, and the resort to games of patience to decide their future fates! The narrator has a good eye for detail, and the whole account is really extremely vivid. Mr. Fleming in his introduction contrasts the relative inattention given to this case by the British press compared with the publicity accorded the slightly earlier affair of Mrs. Pawley ("the girl-wife"). If only Blue had been Miss Blue, he suggests, how much greater the commercial value of this diary—a point he commends to the attention of the student of news-values.

**A Short History of Ancient Egypt.** By ARTHUR WEIGALL. *Chapman and Hall.* 8s. 6d.

Arthur Weigall, who did so much to popularise the study of Egyptology, to which his life had been devoted, did not live to see his history in print. Probably the best of all his popular books, it is a worthy memorial of his desire to share his knowledge and love of ancient Egypt with a wider public than that to which the great text-books appeal. In a simple and straightforward narrative he has told the story of Egypt from its archaeological dawn to the death of Cleopatra; and that without any derogation of scholarship. There are, of course, controversial issues which in such a work it is impossible to discuss adequately; but in every case it is made clear that it is one or two or more contentions that has been adopted—even if very positively. The merit of the work, however, is its wholeness. It does present the civilisation of ancient Egypt in terms tha enable the reader to see and understand its moral and material grandeur

# Week-end Competitions

## No. 221

### Set by Richard Church

Trailer caravans are all the rage this summer and the countryside is considerably threatened by the army of amateur motor-gypsies. Draw up a code of six rules which will help them to preserve the rural amenities and to keep the goodwill of the country-dwellers.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 15th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 219

### Set by Gerald Barry

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best new Hate Poem, in not more than sixteen lines, addressed either (*a*) to the manager of a pretentious country hotel that has monstrously overcharged, or (*b*) to a Bank Holiday party that has marauded a local copse and uprooted the wild flowers.

### Report from Gerald Barry

When I said "hate" I meant "hate," and when I said "poem" I meant "poem." Very few competitors—I am not sure that any at all—managed quite successfuily to combine the two. There are a variety of magnificent specimens of hate poems in the *Week-end Book*, most of them (though I can never feel quite sure about Southey's pig) inspired by a fine and genuine hatred and a fine and genuine muse, too. Evidently, hate is not a state of mind that can be readily assumed, like a spring rhapsody; it must be spontaneous. To be given a thing and told to hate it, and not only to hate it, but to clothe the hatred in poetry, is to be asked to do too much. I had hoped that Mr. Chesterton's onslaught on the neglecters of the White Horse might afford some sort of model for a commination on the bluebell rape; but there is still only one Chesterton.

All the same, there were some good and amusing entries, and as one who had a still closer and more heroic interest in these contests than I am now in a position to claim, I should like to take the opportunity of saluting many old friends and some gifted new ones, too. One of the latter, appropriately named Advena, devised a good last verse with a neat pun on the word "litter," but was not nearly angry enough. Among the minority who heaped their wrath on the bad hotelier rather than the uprooting brigade, W. Leslie Nicholls was good, ending with the original curse:

> "Your radiators burst on every floor
> And dandelions burgeon in your beds."

# AFTER SLEEPING *it's most refreshing!*

Begin the day with a clean, fresh mouth, by brushing your teeth thoroughly with Euthymol, the tooth paste with a guaranteed germ-killing power. Its brisk tang is invigorating, and it leaves a pleasant flavour in the mouth all day. Use Euthymol every night too, as a protection against the dental decay germs.

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## FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

LETCHWORTH, HERTS.

ECONOMICAL co-operative flats and cottages, in beautiful surroundings. Providing only the main meal of the day. Inclusive rental, plus service charges. Flats from 20s. 4d. per week, Cottages from 22s. per week. Full particulars from H. W. A. THOROGOOD, Commerce Avenue, Letchworth.

UNIQUE GARDEN BUILDING LAND.

On small Town-planned scheme set in Parklands and lawns. 3½ mins. station and 16 mins. town. High ground. Gravel soil. Only high-class ARCHITECT-designed houses allowed (£1,750 upwards). Houses now being built costing £2,000 to £4,000. Leasehold (90 years) at 88s. per foot frontage (200ft. depth) and some Freehold from £9 per foot frontage. Park Lodge Estate, Blackheath Park, S.E.3.

BLACKHEATH.—Period Homes for Gentlefolk in the quiet seclusion of beautiful trees and lawns; well built in red brick and stone by eminent firm under Architect; extremely well placed for city men, 4 mins. station and 16 mins. Cannon Street, 18 mins. Charing Cross. Drawing and dining rooms (period bay windows and fireplaces), lounge, 4 bedrooms (built-in wardrobes in each), 2 bathrooms (tiled), cloakroom, storeroom and usual offices; central heating; parquet flooring; MODERN EQUIPMENT; "AGA" cooker; large old garden, with tennis lawn; from £1,995. Choice large old garden plots for buildings to requirements. VIEW ANY TIME.—THOMAS AND EDGE, Park Lodge, Blackheath Park, S.E.3.

LITTLE LANGDALE, Nr. Ambleside. To let furnished cottage. 4 beds. Vacant now till July 5th and from Sept. 13th.—MARRIOTT, 35 Dorset Sq., N.W.1.

## FOR SALE, TO LET, &c.—continued

WEST FOLKESTONE (Sandgate). Unique houses in Spanish style. Newly built. White walls, arches and gables. Black wrought ironwork. Stone mantelpieces and staircase. Oak floors. Facing sea and few yards beach. 80 mins. Charing Cross (Folkestone Cen.). Designed by architect. Sunny drawing and dining rooms, 4 beds, kitchen (e.h.w.), bathrooms, etc., e.l. From £1,050. Smaller picturesque cottages from £500. View any time, West Lawn, the Esplanade, Sandgate, Kent.

FLATS IN GARDENS.

GUESSENS COURT. Good flats, overlooking beautiful gardens, 30 minutes King's Cross. £5 10s. month, 25s. 6d. weekly. 3 Rooms and kitchenette. Inexpensive restaurant. Golf, tennis, town attractions and delightful open country close by. Other houses 20s. week to £125 p.a., or £335–£2,300. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

REGENTS PARK. Several flats, suit professional people; one minute of Park and 'buses, quick access to West End, Whitehall, Bloomsbury, etc.; 1 bedroom, bathroom, sitting-room, kitchen. All electric, entirely self-contained. Rents from £65 to £90 p.a. incl. Sole Agents, HEALEY AND BAKER, 9 Stanhope Terrace, Gloucester Gate, N.W.1. Museum 6571.

FREEHOLD BARGAIN. House of character in green surroundings, overlooking private wooded park. On 2 floors only. Well proportioned rooms. Fitted basins, Ideal boiler. 18 mins. Charing Cross. 3 recep., 6 bedrms., and offices. £1,795 or offer. Priory Lodge, Love Lane, Eliot Vale, Blackheath.

AUGUST. Wanted by two adults, seaside cottage. Cornwall or S. Devon. Off beaten track. Box 520, N. S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

## FOR SALE, TO LET, &c.—continued

TEMPLE. Barrister practising in excellent chambers (formerly those of a Labour Solicitor-General) can take one or two more practising barristers as tenants, and "put up names" of others not in practice. Beginners at Bar and those lecturing in Universities especially welcome. Good legal library and furniture. Terms moderate. BM/BHKK, London, W.C.1.

LARGE unfurnished room, use kitchen, 21s.; or furnished, 23s., 25s.—22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

N.W.3. Small furnished room, 12s. 6d. Meals and service as required. Address as above.

BLOOMSBURY. S.c. flat, 3 rooms, kit., bath, refrigerator. Overlooking and use of quiet square. £135 p.a.—BAYLIS, 43 Mecklenburgh Sq., W.C.1. Ter. 5001.

TO Let. June and July. Very attractive Tudor cottage. Large well-furnished sitting-room, kitchen, bathroom, 2 good bedrooms (3 beds). Large garden. Plate, linen. Nr. Downs. 8 miles coast. Rent, 2 guineas weekly. Apply MISS RENDEL, The Mote, Maidstone.

CHELSEA, Oakley Street. Unfurnished s.c. Basement Flat. 2 good rooms, bathroom, kitchenette. 22s. 6d. 'Phone: Hendon 6630.

LARGE unfurnished room, use kitchen, 16s. 50 Coolhurst Road, Crouch End, N.8.

TO LET, furnished, July, attractive modernised Tudor cottage in quiet, picturesque village near Oxford. 4 bedrooms, 3 reception, bath, electric, garage, river. 4 Gns. week. CROSSWAYS, Long Wittenham, Berks.

Would that more curses had been of this order: most of them showed a weak invention. Among the very angry indeed was Beggar's Roost, who started off with:

"Hideous, haggard, loathsome swine
Who ravaged my sweet Columbine,"

but forgot that hate at its deadliest is icy and scornful. Another competitor good in this line was F. M. Harris, whose verses had an idea. All these I have named get honourable mention, as well as Marion Peacock, Lester Ralph (hail!), Issachar and Raglan Somerset.

For first prize I recommend D. C. R. Francombe for an engaging effort in the style of Mrs. Kinsfoot. But as I want to award two second prizes, being unable to choose between two very different entries, and as the disparity between these and the winning entry does not seem to me to be so big as would be conveyed by the customary apportionment of the prize-money, I suggest a guinea and a half for the first prize and two seconds of half a guinea each. The two half-guineas should go to H. C. M., for his neat riposte to the habitual overcharge, and to Palermo, whose quiet entry was more of a poem than were most.

### FIRST PRIZE

### PROBLEM FOR CALIBAN

What Mrs. Smith finds so absolutely appalling
are the charabanc-crowds that spend the whole day crawling
from pub to pub.

They, she tells me, went out in what Mr. calls "the tub"
(his little joke, you understand). She can spend whole days
in the country, especially in the woods. It pays.

The modern saloon
is a great boon—
so accommodating.

They found simply millions of bluebells about waiting
just for them, and those bits of moss were quite worth saving
for the crazy paving.
The primroses, violets and wild anemone
will make quite a fine show next year on the rockery.

Mr. Smith is a very careful driver.

Ergo, I am an unbeliever.

D. C. R. FRANCOMBE

### SECOND PRIZE (1)

Rapacious monster! as I scan
  The figures in your bill
Truth warns me I have found a man
  To pillory—and I will.

Five shillings for our lukewarm tea!
  A bath for half a crown
And ten and six for dinner we
  Could scarcely swallow down.

These things inspire a fervid hate.
  Henceforth we live to tell
The world how much we execrate
  Yourself and your hotel.

* * *

Pluto, when your account's made up,
  Shall recompense your ills;
Bid vultures on your liver sup
  And plague you with their bills.

H. C. M.

VAPEX (REG. TRADE MARK) INHALANT relieves Hay Fever

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### SECOND PRIZE (2)

### TO THE COPSE-SPOILERS

Ah ruthless hands, the trees reclaim
Your tender trophies which they miss;
Cast goldcups on the ground exclaim
The wrong that has been done to Dis.

This was her Hades. Dark leaves here
Made noon a firmament of flame.
The campions through this gloom shone clear:
A brilliant place, too soft for fame.

You were too generous to steal.
Exchanges are not robberies.
You left for cowslips orange-peel
And paper for anemones.

The brimming calyx throbbed with light.
You fumbled then. You could but seize.
Of Behemoth you had the might
But lacked the cunning of the bees.

PALERMO

## CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

### PROBLEM 76.—THE ROUND TABLE

King Arthur and his Queen invited five Knights and their wives to dinner at the Round Table. At the dinner, each husband was separated from his wife by the same number of places. The Queen sat opposite to Lady Camomile, while Sir Bogus sat three places to the Queen's left. Sir Asphodel was three places to Lady Bogus's right. Lady Eggs was two places from the Queen. Lady Asphodel sat opposite to Lady Dachshund.

*Draw a plan of the table showing how the twelve diners were seated.*

### PROBLEM 74.—APRIL'S BROOD

*April has thirteen children, five boys and eight girls.* Each boy has 40s. to spend, and they invest it at the various stalls, as follows:

*Prices of articles sold in shillings.*

| Boys. | 1. | 2. | 3. | 4. | 5. | 6. | 7. | 8. | 9. | 10. | 11. | 12. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | × | × | × | × | × | × | × | | | | | × |
| B | × | × | × | × | × | × | | × | | | × | |
| C | × | × | × | × | × | × | | | × | × | | |
| D | × | × | × | × | × | | × | × | | × | | |
| E | × | × | × | × | | × | × | × | × | | | |

There is no other solution consistent with the data.

The problem can be most easily solved by trial of the relevant factors of 200.

### PROBLEM 73.—BUMPSTEAD GARDEN CITY

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: W. D. Newcomb, 17 Blenheim Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

There were 178 correct solutions. Six points are awarded.

*To Correspondents.* J. P. McE. (Shrewsbury).—Thanks for the Clerihew. I hope you have the book by now. J. J. (Burnage).—Your claim is being sent forward. Thanks for your comments. R. S. B. (E.10), J. M. D. (Edinburgh), A. J. M. (W.8), F. C. W. (Roath), E. T. M. (Burton).—Particulars of your scores will be sent to you next week.

### PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

# London Amusements

## MATINEES

*All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.*

**COMEDY. The Private Road.** Tues. & Fri.

**DRURY LANE. Three Sisters.** Wed. & Sat.

**DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove.** Wed., Sat.

**DUKE of YORK'S. Happy Week-end.** W., Th.

**H'DROME. Mr. Whittington.** Thurs. & Sat.

**PALACE. Why Not To-Night.** Wed. & Th.

**PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi.** Thurs. & Sat.

**PICCADILLY. Counsellor-at-Law.** Tu. & Sat.

**QUEEN'S. The Old Folks at Home.** W. & F.

**ST. JAMES'.** Wed. & Sat.
**The Late Christopher Bean.**

**S. MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain.** Tu. & F.

## THEATRES

**COLISEUM,** Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
LUDWIG BERGER'S Stage Production
**"THE GOLDEN TOY."**
Last Night, June 16th.

**COMEDY.** EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30.
DOROTHY DICKSON &
JOHN TILLEY in
**THE PRIVATE ROAD.**

**DRURY LANE.** Evgs., 8.15. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
**THREE SISTERS,** A Musical Play.
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, VICTORIA HOPPER.
Final Performance, Saturday, June 9.

**DUCHESS.** (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
**LABURNUM GROVE**
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

**DUKE OF YORK'S.** (Tem. Bar 5122).
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
**HAPPY WEEK-END.**
A Musical Play.

**FORTUNE THEATRE.** Temple Bar 7373-4.
Sundays June 10th, 17th, 24th, at 8.30.
**GENESIS II,** played by
The Experimental Theatre with André van Gyseghem.
Hedley Briggs in Ballet: music by Walter Leigh.

**HIPPODROME.** (Ger. 3272).
Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
**"MR. WHITTINGTON."**
Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, Fred Emney, K. Gibson.

**PALACE,** Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
**"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT"** A New Revue.
Nelson Keys, Greta Nissen, Florence Desmond.

**PHOENIX.** 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
**TEN MINUTE ALIBI,**
by Anthony Armstrong.
"The Biggest Thrill in London."—*Daily Telegraph.*

**PICCADILLY.** 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30. Ger. 4506.
BARRY JACKSON presents
**COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,** by Elmer Rice.
"Finest London Can Boast."—*Daily Herald.*

**QUEEN'S,** Shaftesbury Avenue. Ger. 4517.
Evenings at 8.40. Mats., Weds. & Fri., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
**THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME,**
by H. M. Harwood.

**ST. JAMES'.** Whitehall 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
**The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.**
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

**ST. MARTIN'S.** Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues., Fri., 2.30.
**THE WIND AND THE RAIN.**
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

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YOU MAY SEARCH the whole of London to find a quieter or more homely spot for Lunch, Dinner or Late Supper than RULES, of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Estd. 1780. Licensed till midnight.

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**ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St.** Ger. 2981.
Bolvary's Gay Masquerade
**"LIEBES KOMMANDO"** (U)
Delightful Viennese Music.

**EMPIRE, Leic. Sq.** Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
**HOLLYWOOD PARTY**
with LAUREL & HARDY, SCHNOZZLE, Lupe Velez, Mickey Mouse, with his Silly Symphony, etc., etc.

**EVERYMAN** (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station)
Victor Turin's Russian Masterpiece
**TURKSIB** (U), also Jan Kiepura, Magda Schneider & Sonnie Hale in *Tell Me To-night* (U).
Seats Bookable. Car parking facilities. Hampstead 2285.

**KINGSWAY HALL,** Kingsway, W.C.2.
EISENSTEIN'S FAMOUS FILM,
**BATTLESHIP "POTEMKIN," Etc.**
Friday, June 8th, at 6.45 & 9 p.m.
Saturday, June 9th, at 2.15, 4.30, 6.45 & 9 p.m.
Tickets: 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. (Reserved); 1s. 3d., & 7d.
Next Week: Eisenstein's *General Line.* Book Now.

## ART GALLERIES

PAINTINGS by FEDERICO BELTRAN-MASSES (Member of the Acadamies of Madrid, Barcelona and Saragossa).
R. W. S. GALLERIES, 5a Pall Mall East, S.W.1. 10–5.
Admission 1s. 2d.

AN EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART BY GERMAN JEWISH ARTISTS will take place at PARSON'S GALLERIES, 315 Oxford St., W.1, Tuesday, June 5th to Friday, June 15th. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission 1s

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, June 10th, at 11 a.m.
PROF. F. AVELING, D.LIT. PAIN.
Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

COMMITTEE AGAINST MALNUTRITION Public meeting, 8 p.m. Wednesday, June 13th at 34 Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Chairman: SIR F. GOWLAND HOPKINS, P.R.S. Speakers: Dr. Stella Churchill, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, Dr. R. D. Lawrence, Dr. R. A. Lyster. Tickets 1s. each from the HON. SECRETARY, 19c Eagle Street, W.C.1.

## MISCELLANEOUS

YOUNG man would like to know of week-end club. Musical, intellectual with "advanced" ideas. Box 517, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

WANTED. Secondhand Portable Typewriter. Box 518, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m., 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

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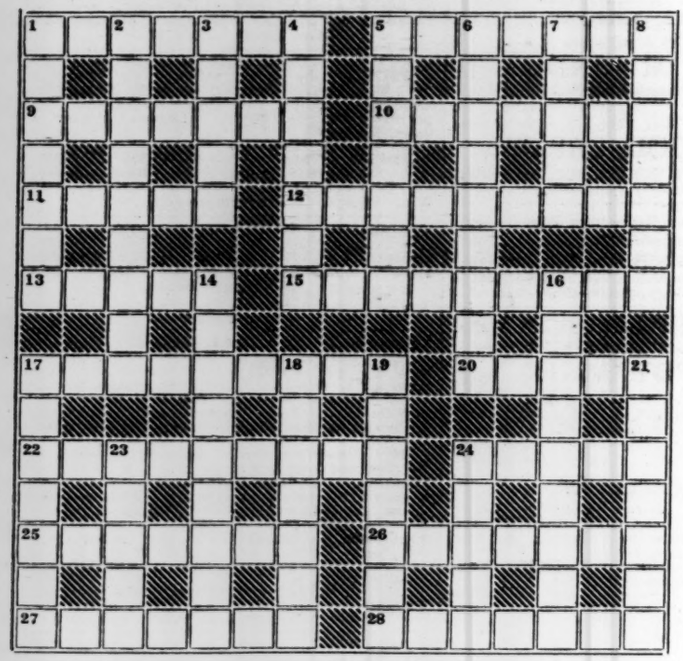

Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

The winner of last week's crossword is Preb. B. F. Relton. Will he please send his address?

### ACROSS

1. "I am no breeching —— in the schools."
5. How to raise a surrounding.
9. What Joseph was in warlike form.
10. Where Kirke's Lambs were pastured.
11. Plan of 10 years ago.
12. Mr. Churchill's second hay harvest.
13. War-time landing place.
15. He and the last of 9 produce peace at home.
17. What the prudent reckon beforehand.
20. First Red Cross victim.
22. The statuesque, however human, are so hard of hearing.
24. Mohammedan crusade.
25. Optical complaint caused by ugliness.
26. How 1 across may compare.
27. The French peasant puts it where he might put his foot.
28. What the officer does when he says "Carry on, Sergeant-Major."

### DOWN

1. Saintly progression by Shanks's pony.
2. Summer greetings we hope for.
3. The Berliner loves to parade under them.
4. Raiment for Socialist poverty.
5. List hill in Devon.
6. Could cooking be done at this distance?
7. I'm found in a rising town in Palestine.
8. This look out for China.
14. Gateway to the cider press?
16. Suitable ceremonial for All Fools' Day.
17. Where a Biblical wheel is broken.
18. Titanic destroyer.
19. Wiped out.
21. Reparation.
23. Each of them = Uncle's sign × 2.
24. "And first behold this cordial —— here.
"That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds."

### LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

NOTES:—Sweetpea—Keats' "I stood Tiptoe"; Sendal—"The Canterbury Tales," Prologue.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| T | E | L | L | T | A | L | E | ■ | F | O | R | E | S | T |
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| R | E | V | E | R | T | S | ■ | I | N | K | W | E | L | L |
| P | ■ | O | ■ | M | ■ | T | ■ | N | ■ | S | ■ | V | ■ | L |
| O | I | L | S | ■ | A | G | A | I | N | ■ | D | A | Y | B |
| R | ■ | T | ■ | E | ■ | E | ■ | S | ■ | E | ■ | T | ■ | O |
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| E | ■ | M | ■ | U | ■ | A | ■ | G | ■ | A | ■ | M | ■ | S |
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| A | L | L | I | E | S | ■ | C | H | A | R | C | O | A | L |

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UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

The University Court invite applications for the post of Assistant in the Department of Political Economy.
The salary is £250 per annum, and the tenure is annual, renewable for three years.
Applications, with a copy of two testimonials, should be lodged with the undersigned not later than 15th July.
June, 1934. W. A. FLEMING,
Secretary to the University.

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The Council invites applications for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Classics. Salary £300. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1934.
Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before June 20th, 1934.
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Singleton Park, Swansea.

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Further particulars may be obtained from the REGISTRAR, to whom applications must be submitted not later that 25th June.

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Applications stating age, qualifications and library experience, together with copies of three recent testimonials, must reach the undersigned not later than SATURDAY, 16th JUNE, 1934.
D. A. NICHOLL,
Town Clerk.
Council House, Wandsworth, S.W.18.
5th June, 1934.

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# THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

REACTION VERSUS SLUMP—BANK DEFLATION—EXCHANGE MOVEMENTS—DROUGHT—S.E. COMMITTEE'S RULING

WHEN does a technical reaction in markets cease to be a technical reaction and become a slump? This question was put to me somewhat rudely by a reader of my opening paragraph last week. Ignoring his sarcasm, I replied that, as the prices of British ordinary shares had risen in the past two years by about 77 per cent., a fall of about 20 per cent. (from the top) would not be an abnormal reaction. And I made the passing shot that, as prices had only reacted so far by about 5 per cent., he must be prepared for further (paper) losses. Of course, market reactions as well as advances gather momentum as they proceed, and it is always difficult to tell how far they will go. In my view, strong buying would be attracted if prices were to fall by about 15 per cent. This guess is based on the fact that, according to the Actuaries Investment index, a fall of 15 per cent. would bring the average yield returnable on British industrial shares up to 4¼ per cent. On the assumption that British trade is only slackening the pace of its advance, not reversing its trend, an average yield of 4¼ per cent. on existing dividends would not be unattractive. Of course, some investors will buy nothing on a decline and will argue in the same breath that interest rates are about to rise and the trade revival about to collapse. But how can a rise in interest rates come about (now that we are off gold), except through an increase in the trade demands for bank accommodation? Personally, I am hoping to see bank advances increase and interest rates remain low concurrently.

* * *

The contention that the slackening off in the trade advance, which is apparent in certain directions, is a temporary and, in part, seasonal affair is founded not on a casual reading of charts but on recent monetary events. In the past ten to twelve months the Government, by reducing the floating debt, has pursued a policy which has had a deflationary effect. The reduction in the volume of Treasury bills outstanding has resulted in contraction of the deposits of the joint stock banks. I referred to this matter early in April, when the Midland Bank in its monthly Bulletin appealed to the Government to increase the supply of Treasury bills. The banks, it said at that time, were "unable to acquire bills in sufficient quantity to sustain the pre-existing volume of deposits. Bills provide a reinforcement of cash holdings, and, unless an adequate supply is available, the banks are unable to increase their investments, which is the only direction for expansion in the absence of a new demand for advances." It is apparently the convention of the joint stock banks to maintain advances and investments together at about 68 per cent. of current, deposit and other accounts (the ratio between the two varying with the state of trade). Thus, when their holdings of bills were reduced, contraction of investments became unavoidable—for the sake of liquidity. The following figures of the average weekly balances of the London clearing banks bring out the deflation which has been imposed upon the banking system since July, 1933.

AVERAGE WEEKLY BALANCES OF LONDON CLEARING BANKS.

£ millions.

| | Current, Deposit and Other Accounts. | Coin, Notes and Balances at Bank of England. | Money at Call and Short Notice. | Bills Discounted. | Advances to Customers and Other Accts. | Investments. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| July, 1933 .. | 1973 | 205 | 96 | 362 | 768 | 554 |
| Jan., 1934 .. | 1920 | 223 | 130 | 284 | 735 | 558 |
| Feb., 1934 .. | 1867 | 209 | 118 | 250 | 742 | 560 |
| Mar., 1934 .. | 1831 | 219 | 120 | 202 | 753 | 547 |
| April, 1934 .. | 1852 | 222 | 132 | 212 | 759 | 534 |

It will be seen that since July there has been a reduction of £121 millions in deposits. The deflation exposed in this statement is of an order more than sufficient to bring about a slowing down of the pace of recovery and a reaction in Stock Exchange values. The usual market stimulus of the reinvestment of the June War Loan dividend was absent this year, because the Treasury made its final call on the new Funding Loan. This, it is hoped, is the last act of the Treasury's "contraction" policy in regard to the floating debt. But now it must have seen the wisdom of the Midland Bank's advice: "Nothing is lost, and it may be some lurking obstacles to business recovery might be removed, by full utilisation of the cash basis now available to the banks."

The exchange markets have been quite exciting. There has been an ominous weakness in the German mark—the signal of approaching devaluation?—and a steady appreciation of both francs and dollars in terms of sterling. The closing of "bear" operations in the franc and the return of French funds to Paris to take advantage of the rise in Government bonds, which is now being manipulated by the French Government, have given rise to the rumour that sterling is again in danger. This is absurd. Our Budget is balanced. We have suspended payments on the American war debts, and British Government credit stands at its peak. Gold holdings at the Bank of England (£191 millions at the old par value) are more than 50 per cent. higher than in 1931, and if they were revalued at the current market price would amount to over £300 millions, increasing the ratio of gold to outside liabilities from 36 per cent. to 58½ per cent. In addition, the Exchange Equalisation Account holds gold to an amount which is guessed in the City at from £80 to £100 millions. Of the foreign short-term funds in London (called "bad money"), a large proportion must represent the balances of central banks in the sterling area, which are not likely to be withdrawn. Finally, sterling is undervalued in relation to the franc, if it is still overvalued in relation to the dollar, and our balance of payments is believed to be on the right side. I hope that the present rise in the sterling price of gold will not go to the head of the speculators in the Kaffir market.

* * *

The seriousness of the drought has been greatly exaggerated. The American winter wheat crop, which is, perhaps, the most important of all, is still estimated to be in excess of last year's crop, which was a poor one. Rain apparently has saved the great Canadian spring crops. If the North America harvests are fair, any shortage in Southern Europe will merely serve to absorb part of the world's excess supply of wheat. Of course, the recent rise in the price of wheat is a blessing for Argentina, which has already torn up the 1933 wheat pact and is shipping more than her allotted quota. But this may be only a temporary advantage, and I see no reason to get excited about Argentine railway stocks. On the contrary, I would rather sell them on the rise. The recent exchange agreement with Argentina gave special protection to the holders of Argentine Government sterling loans, but it has hardly been to the advantage of the railways, seeing that they have a junior claim on the available foreign exchange and have to tender for it at very unfavourable rates. Such stocks as Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway 4 per cent. debenture stock at 76 to yield 5¼ per cent. seem fully valued. And by comparison with the dollar issues, Argentine Government sterling bonds look dear.

* * *

The Committee of the Stock Exchange, having conferred with representatives of issuing houses, a newspaper advertising consultant and a lawyer, recently delivered judgment on the permission-to-deal controversy. It will be recalled that trouble arose over the Compressed Paper Packing issue, in which the Committee refused leave to deal, although the issue had been over-subscribed by the public. Two proposals were considered. First, to grant leave to deal, subject to allotment, before the issue is advertised—leaving it to the issuing house to make a statement or not to that effect on the prospectus; secondly, to require a declaration that directors will not proceed to allotment without obtaining leave to deal within some specified period. The Committee decided that the objections attaching to either of the proposals far outweigh any advantages which may accrue to the public or to members of the Stock Exchange. This decision is to be regretted. The Committee declares that the preliminary investigation which Stock Exchange members undertake before consenting to act as brokers to an issue greatly reduces the possibility of refusal of permission to deal. This is somewhat ingenuous. There are black sheep in every profession, and few investors would be content to take any old broker's name on a prospectus as a guarantee of the soundness or justification of an issue. We have only to examine new issues.

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# EVER READY COMPANY (GREAT BRITAIN).

## MR. MAGNUS GOODFELLOW'S REVIEW.

The ordinary general meeting of the Ever Ready Company (Great Britain), Ltd., was held on Thursday, May 31st, at Hercules Place, Holloway, London, N.7. Mr. Magnus Goodfellow (the chairman and managing director), who presided, said:

Sales during the year increased 10 per cent. in volume and only 1 per cent. in value. The increase in volume was fully up to the expectation of increase referred to by me at our meeting a year ago, but severe competition has resulted in a fall in the value of the sales, with the result that the increase expressed in pounds sterling was only 1 per cent. over the sales of the previous year.

During the past year, and at this present time, a considerable quantity of battery goods were and are being sold at unremunerative prices, and had we not succeeded in effecting great improvements and extensions in our manufacturing processes during the past years—which have resulted in considerable savings in costs of production during the year under review—I should not be meeting you to-day with such an excellent report of the year's working.

We are in a position to know that a number of small competitors not only failed to achieve a profit on the business done by them during the past year, but in several cases actually sustained losses of varying amounts. Such a condition of affairs cannot be beneficial to the battery and wireless industries, and it is in these circumstances, and with a view to improving the position generally, that we have made offers to the shareholders of two companies, as outlined in my letter to you of May 9th last. We shall be able to effect considerable savings in the costs of production of the two businesses, and also in sale and overhead charges, and these benefits will accrue almost at once.

In recent weeks I have personally made special inspections of the company's factories and plants, and I am happy to be able to tell you that in my view these are being operated and managed efficiently, and it is my hope that still further improvements will be achieved during the coming year.

Sundry creditors have fallen from £203,000 to £130,000. This sum is normal, the previous year having been high, due to expenditure on the new factory which did not fall due for payment until after the end of the year.

On the assets side of the balance-sheet the plant and machinery position is set out clearly, and I think you will be interested to know that the plant, machinery, fixtures and fittings, and so on, which appears in our balance-sheet at £100,000, has during the past fourteen years cost the company as much as £550,000. Of that sum we have specially written off, out of reserves, £368,000, the balance having been written off annually as depreciation. It is, I think, a great advantage to our business that this asset should be heavily written down, for we are now the more readily able to take advantage of all or any new processes which we may discover or which may be offered to us.

Subsidiary Companies—Share capital: Loans and current balances, including a transfer from trade investments of £205,607, have risen from £681,000 to £1,242,000. The large increase includes the transfer and is due to the acquisition of additional shares in Lissen, Ltd., already reported to you. Reorganisation work is actively in progress, and I will not say more than that we hope for good results. A number of our new ventures, which I will not refer to in detail, are showing promising signs of contributing profitably to the business of the company.

Trade investments (at cost) are nearly £200,000 less than a year ago. This is accounted for by the transfer to subsidiary companies of the original holding in Lissen, Ltd., to which I have already referred.

The Ever Ready Trust Company, Ltd., investment is now £46,000, instead of £96,000 a year ago, due to the repayment of capital, of which you are all aware.

Stock-in-trade is some £33,000 higher than a year ago. Sundry debtors and debit balances are some £30,000 higher than a year ago, a normal increase.

We have made changes in our British Government securities, having transferred from securities such as the Two and a-Half per Cent. Consols into securities repayable at comparatively short dates. This investment has risen from £126,000 at cost to £150,000 at cost, and represents moneys not immediately required in the business.

Cash, with amounts due from shareholders, is some £16,000 lower at £162,000.

### SURPLUS OF PROFIT

As you will have observed from the profit and loss statement, the surplus of profit for the year, after providing for the final dividend, exceeded £100,000, and practically the whole of this surplus has been carried to the credit of the dividend equalisation reserve, raising it to £200,000.

The reserve account also shows the increase in the general reserve by reason of the share premiums received on the issues of capital during the year. The total of reserves and carry-forward is £1,239,000, which is in excess of the total issued capital of the company.

You will be glad to know that our sales for the two months April and May have been more than maintained in comparison with a year ago.

The report and accounts, and resolutions providing for the increase of capital to £1,500,000 and increase in the number of directors were passed unanimously.


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